The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVIII NO. 24 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1938 TEN CENTS A COPY

Wilbur L. Cross: Scholar in Politics *By John Chamberlain*

IN THIS ISSUE

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "Benjamin Franklin" by Carl Van Doren

WILLIAM MAXWELL
Reviews "In Hazard" by Richard Hughes

HOMER W. LE SOURD
Reviews "Science for the Citizen" by Lancelot Hogben

PAUL H. DOUGLAS
Reviews "This Is Democracy" by Marquis Childs

ROBERT C. BROOKS
Reviews "The Pursuit of Happiness" by Herbert Agar

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
Reviews "Life of Christ" by Hall Caine

ERNEST BOYD
Reviews "The March of Literature" by Ford Madox Ford

Other Reviews by BEN RAY REDMAN, ROBERT A. SIMON, ELMER DAVIS

CARL VAN DOREN

"It makes splendid, leisurely reading, following down all the highroads and all the little lanes of Franklin's varied life. It has none of the panting immediacy, the melodrama with which some biographers try to spice their books . . . This is certainly the Franklin book of our generation". . .

(See page 5)

EARLY PUBLISHING IN AMERICA *By Burton Rascoe*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY

A Novel

By Helen Ashton

Though the author keeps faith with historical facts in this story of Dorothy Wordsworth and her brother William, she glances behind the scenes and, with a story-teller's license, draws her own deductions. Her theme is Dorothy's suppressed love for Coleridge.

$2.50

By Hermann Hagedorn

A biography of one of America's greatest poets which tells for the first time the story of his thirty years of hardship, struggle and neglect, culminating in a triumph such as has come to few persons in their lifetime. It also is the story of a retiring but lovable personality.

$3.00

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

GALLANT HORSES

Great Horse Stories Of Our Day

By Frances E. Clarke

Here are twenty-five great horse stories, written by distinguished American and British authors. Polo pony, cavalry horse, racer, farm horse—even a phantom steed—all are here. The settings range from Pennsylvania to India and China.

$2.50

By Dorothy Noyes Arms

Every fisherman who ever wet a fly will enjoy this book. It is the personal chronicle of experiences along trout and salmon rivers; of camps in remote forests; of old tales and older superstitions told about the camp stove after a day's fishing.

$3.00

FISHING MEMORIES

Illustrated by W. T. Schaldach

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilbur L. Cross: Scholar in Politics

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN he was a Yale undergraduate back in the eighties, Wilbur Lucius Cross was known to his classmates as Senator. In later years, when he was Dean of the Yale Graduate School, the boys called him Uncle Toby. The names falsely suggest a dual, or at least a changed, personality. But for all their inadequacy they touch, even though they do not satisfactorily define, the two extremes in the character of the ruddy, blue-eyed, white-polled old gentleman who retired from teaching nine years ago presumably to finish a book on the novel but actually to plunge into Connecticut politics. Wilbur Cross was sixty-eight when he gave up his Sterling professorship of English at Yale and his executive duties in the Graduate School—old enough to take a merited rest. But the Great Depression was just upon us, and the Connecticut State Democrats were calling for an available candidate for governor. Cross was elected to his first term in 1930; and he has been Governor of Connecticut ever since. He is running again this fall for the fifth time; and so certain is he of victory that prominent Connecticut Republicans have worked overtime to avoid being selected to oppose him.

Just why Governor Cross was ever called Uncle Toby nonplusses those who look for logic in a nickname. For Uncle Toby, as all readers of Laurence Sterne's delectable "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman" know, was a fellow with a one-track mind, given to riding the harmless hobby of playing at soldier. The Widow Wadman, to whose hand he aspired, doubted that Toby knew a hawk from a handsaw—to express the matter in a genteel way that Sterne himself would have disdained to use. Now, Governor Cross taught "Tristram Shandy," and expatiated on the quirks and humors of Uncle Toby, to generations in the Yale Sheffield Scientific School, in Yale College, and in the Yale Graduate School; and his "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" is a fluent and charming and scholarly work. But there is not a shred of Toby Shandy's wool-gathering spirit in his character, which is pure Connecticut Yankee shrewdness even in its political liberalism. (As the governor in Cross puts it, "change comes whether you like it or not"; and it is the mark of Yankee shrewdness not only to make the best of it but to see to it that it comes without harshness and violence.) The nickname of Senator is better, and one can see why it should have been applied to Wilbur Cross as an undergraduate, but even that rings false today. The Governor, whose moods vary from friendly loquacity to abstraction, is hardly one to demand the ceremony of a title, even though he gets one as a matter of course.

Wide World

Wilbur L. Cross

We used to hear a lot about the "scholar in politics." The late Henry Cabot Lodge, author of biographies that had a distinct and sometimes unscholarly Federalist flavor, was supposed to be such a person. But today the phrase is used either with magniloquent meaninglessness or as a term of sarcasm (as in Walter Millis's "The Martial Spirit"). Hence it is not quite fair to speak of Governor Cross as a scholar in politics—although he is a scholar and he is in politics. His scholarship is attested by his work on Sterne, by his essays on modern English novelists, and—more importantly—by his "History of Henry Fielding," which demolished a hundred years' crop of false Victorian legends about the alleged vicious habits of the creator of Tom Jones, the foundling. But it was not scholarship that prepared Cross for public life. That job was accomplished in childhood, when he hung around courtroom and country store in the Yankee village of Mansfield in northeastern Connecticut. Wilbur Cross learned to be a "realist" about facing things when he watched village judge and constable railroad innocent people just to collect the fines. And he learned to despise such tactics by listening to outraged conversations in the country store. The anatomy of government was obvious in the rural backwaters of sixty years ago; Wilbur Cross didn't have to go to college to learn about the uses and abuses of power.

However, Cross's scholarship has served to reinforce his native bent for realistic observation and realistic attack on abuses. Fortunately he chose English literature of the eighteenth century for his scholastic immersion, thus avoiding possible infection from the sentimentalism of the Victorians. Laurence Sterne, of course, is more fun than sociology; but the social criticism of Henry Fielding, which remains implicit in "Tom Jones" and comes sharply to the surface in "Jonathan Wild," was meat and drink to the village Yankee from Mansfield. It was old Professor Lounsbury who put Wilbur Cross on the track of the political realist in Fielding. To those of us who think naturally in terms of "radical," "liberal," and "conservative," the tangled politics of the eighteenth century, when Whig and Tory were often

Next Week

FALL BOOK NUMBER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as indistinguishable as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, do not make immediate sense. Henry Fielding was a member of the Pitt-Chesterfield country wing of the Whig Party, the wing that opposed Walpole; but all this means little enough today. However, the party clique man in Fielding interested Cross less than the eighteenth century novelist's enlightened work as a justice of the peace in the Bow Street Court. As was the case with justices in the Connecticut village of Mansfield, the Bow Street magistrate was supposed to take his pay in the form of fines. But to Henry Fielding this seemed dirty money. The novelist whose character was later to be infamously blackened by Thackeray and Austin Dobson insisted on getting a straight emolument for his job of magistrate; he refused to put himself in the way of temptation. And when juvenile delinquents came before him, he refused to sentence them to Newgate; that prison was filled with hardened criminals whose influence was bound to work insidiously on young minds. The record of Fielding in humane application of the law commended itself strongly to Cross, and he has kept it in mind during his four terms as Governor.

Wilbur Cross was a Yale undergraduate when Grover Cleveland was raising the issue of "honest government" in the United States for the first time since the Civil War. And, with mugwumpery the fashion in intellectual circles, the young Cross became a Democrat. He was encouraged in his stand—which was a mildly courageous one to take in Republican Connecticut—by the teachings of the famous William Graham—or Billy—Sumner. Certain aphorisms of Sumner have stuck with Governor Cross through the years; and one of them—"There's never overproduction; there's only overproduction at a price"—partly explains the Governor's loyalty to the New Deal. It is true that the New Deal has been forced into the political tactic of encouraging price-raising in some things, but its basic philosophy of abundance, as expressed in the attack on monopoly, pleases the Cross who got his economics from Billy Sumner. Professor Albert G. Keller, Sumner's disciple and successor at Yale, looks askance today at Governor Cross's political allegiance. He would in all probability deny that it expresses the true essence of Sumnerism. But no matter. The influence that led Cross to the New Deal was partly Sumner's, and the old boy will have to take the blame—or the praise—for adding to the present-day woes of good Connecticut conservatives. In justice to Governor Cross it must be added that he sticks pretty much to the traditional "pay-as-you-go" policy for Connecticut, even though he has supported

Yale Alumni Magazine

"There is not a shred of Toby Shandy's wool-gathering spirit in his character, which is pure Connecticut Yankee" . . .

the New Deal spending nationally. Governor Cross believes in the balanced budget whenever possible, and he has succeeded in getting by without having recourse to a State income tax. But Roosevelt, he considers, has had to fight emergencies that defy fiscal orthodoxy at least for the time being.

Throughout his career as teacher, scholar, provost, dean, and editor of the quarterly *Yale Review*, Cross kept his interest in politics, public affairs, and business at the pitch which had earned him his undergraduate nickname of Senator. He belonged to an informal organization known as the Sunday School Class which met every Thursday night for convivial discussion at the Yale Graduates Club. There were university professors in the Sunday School Class, but there were also New Haven business men and editors—notably Colonel Norris Osborn of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, an independent editor whose like has disappeared in recent years from the New Haven scene. Osborn brought news of local business and politics to the Sunday School Class; and he was later to prove instrumental in overcoming the effects of a cynical defeatism in the Democratic Party that almost lost the 1930 election for Cross. During the years of Graduates Club discussion, Cross kept pace with Arthur Twining Hadley, Yale's president, in posting himself on details of business practice; and even today, a septuagenarian and busy governor, he handles his own investments. Although Governor Cross still has in his desk drawer a partially finished book on the novel which he began years ago, there has never been anything of unworldly estheticism in his interest in the formal problems of literature. Cross was born a Yankee and raised a Yankee, and like a Yankee he will die with his feet in the workaday world. Esthetic preoccupations have, however, had one effect on him as Governor: his proclamations, often limited to a paragraph or two, eschew the windiness normally associated with such utterances. Once Governor Cross split an infinitive in a proclamation. The *Hartford Courant*, a Republican paper, kidded the "professor" unmercifully.

In the twenties Wilbur Cross, with the encouragement and complicity of Yale Law School Professor William R. Vance, used to mock the Republicans in the Sunday School Class by mimicking Warren G. Harding, the blandly ignorant Front Porch Campaigner. Both Cross and Vance were especially delighted with Harding's pompous welcome to a troupe of actors who visited Marion, Ohio, in 1920. Harding had spoken of the great pleasure of seeing that great actor Richard Harding Davis in that great Shakespearian drama, "Charles the Fifth." Imitation of Harding led Cross and Vance to other mimicry. They elaborated goofy party platforms which straddled "Ku Klux Klan" and Prohibition issues, and they succeeded in making the Republicans of the Sunday School Class wince. If the New Era had proved permanent, the political japery of Cross and Vance would have remained—japery. But in 1930, when Cross was about to retire, Vance came to him and said: "See here, we've been joking about this political business. But isn't it time we did something about it?" He got Cross's promise to abide by the result if a nomination for Governor by the Democrats could be wangled. The nomination was wangled, by Vance and Colonel Osborn. At a meeting at Savin Rock, an amusement park outside of New Haven, Cross told Augustine Lonergan, who was sticking to the negative issue of lamenting Hoover and hoping ultimately to win his Senatorship by it, that the Democratic Party couldn't do anything locally without positive issues. Cross proposed three slogans—"get the farmer out of the mud," "repeal the Eighteenth Amendment," and "end invisible government." The first was aimed at the Republicans' tightwad refusal to build adequate rural "farm-to-market" roads; the last referred to alleged political influence at Hartford in behalf of the utilities. As for the anti-prohibition plank, Cross knew that Connecticut, along with Rhode Island, had never deigned to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment.

The organization Democrats were happy to head their State ticket with a distinguished Yale scholar. But they had no faith in the scholar's will to victory. For years they had existed by making undercover deals with the Republicans, and in November some of them went about their usual business of

(*Continued on page* 16)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice-President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year; Canada $4. Vol. XVIII, No. 24, October 8, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dozen Men in One

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IN these days of Freudians, Marxists, debunkers, Stracheyites, Guedallans, and other practitioners of the unsettled and unsettling art of the "new" biography, one does not often come across a book as clearly in the great tradition of biography in the English language as Mr. Van Doren's "Franklin." Or perhaps, since Mr. Granville Hicks has appropriated the phrase "the great tradition" for the Marxists, we had better say that Mr. Van Doren's book is near the central core of biography in English, that it is mined from the same vein that Boswell, Lockhart, Froude, and Morley worked.

This is not to say that Mr. Van Doren has unmistakably written an enduring book, a "classic" that will be enshrined in the textbooks a hundred years hence. He may well have done so. But the reviewer who ventures confidently on such long-range predictions is trespassing on ground properly left to posterity and to the blurb-writers. He had better not even attempt to guess at the possible sale of the book, for those more close to the trade are usually far better guessers than he. All the reviewer can safely do is describe the kind of book he is dealing with, its scope, its methods, its general flavor. Mr. Van Doren's book is clearly the kind of book men at the central core of biography in English have written; it is not the kind of book—good or bad as they may be—men like Mr. André Maurois, Mr. Stefan Zweig, or Mr. W. E. Woodward have written.

It is a long book, but barely long enough for the long, full life it records. Franklin was a dozen men, artisan, business man, inventor, scientist, philosopher (this last strictly in the eighteenth-century, not in the technical or academic, sense), moralist, man of letters, soldier, diplomatist, and statesman. He was the most Protean, the most Goethean, of Americans, and deserves all the space Mr. Van Doren's publishers have granted. Mr. Van Doren has room enough to let Franklin expand properly, and speak for himself in his autobiography, his letters, and his innumerable editorial writings, articles, pamphlets, from the "Silence Dogood" letters in his brother's *New England Courant* to *Poor Richard,* his little French verses, and those "surreptitious" writings which, like the even broader ones of Mark Twain, continue to circulate in a queer underworld of print. Yet Mr. Van Doren's preface, "in effect, Franklin's autobiography is here completed on his own scale, and in his own words," is misleading. The biographer of Swift and Peacock is not so false to the methods of his craft as to confuse autobiography with biography. He lets Franklin speak for himself, but he fills in the spaces, criticizes, arranges, explains as a good biographer must. You never feel that he is warping his subject to fit his own theories and sentiments, that he is stuffing out a dummy. He is a biographer, and not a ventriloquist. He admires and likes Franklin—indeed this is, like almost all lives in what we have ventured to call the central core of English biography, a "sympathetic" biography—but it is no mere hagiography. Anyway, Franklin was much too successful to tempt the lay canonizers. Those who want to make saints for this harsh world have rightly turned to such eternal witnesses to the discomforts of virtue as Paine and Marat.

Franklin in Philadelphia, about 1748: "At one time or other his life touched almost everything of importance that was going on" . . .

Mr. Van Doren skillfully contrives to remain always on the right side of the uncertain boundary which divides biography from history. It would be easy to make Franklin an excuse for writing a history of the Western world in the eighteenth century. At one time or other his life touched almost everything of importance that was going on in America, England, and France for some eighty years. Mr. Van Doren does not leave his reader in ignorance of anything in Franklin's environment that is essential to understanding what he did and how he did it. When, for instance, he comes to that eternal historical puzzle centered around the early negotiations between the rebel Americans and the French, he untwists beautifully the tangle into which Arthur Lee, Silas Deane, Franklin, Beaumarchais, and Vergennes managed to get, to the despair of the historian. There are few short accounts of the "affair of Beaumarchais's million" as clear, as fair-minded as the one Mr. Van Doren gives here. If you want a neat example of the difference between careful, judicial writing and violently partisan writing, compare Mr. Van Doren's treatment of this affair and that of Mr. Frank Smith in his just-published life of Thomas Paine. Paine, at the American end, got up to his neck, and beyond, in the affair, and his recent biographer is sure that everyone else involved was either a grafter or a fool. Mr. Van Doren knows better, as Franklin himself knew better.

Mr. Van Doren, then, holds the difficult balance between "Life" and "Times" always in favor of Franklin the man, so that the reader understands what is going on, but is never swamped with unnecessary historical details. He also holds what is, in the present state of the publishing business, an even more difficult balance between the demands of the scholar and the demands of the general reader. The book is the October choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and will not disappoint the numerous readers such a choice guarantees it. It makes splendid, leisurely reading, following down all the highroads and all the little lanes of Franklin's varied life. It has none of the panting immediacy, the melodrama with which some biographers try to spice their books, nor is it "epic" in the cheap sense the word seems to have acquired. Mr. Van Doren even leaves the epigrams and the aphorisms to Franklin himself, who borrowed or invented enough to make a fortune for a dozen ordinary writers. The book is interesting enough to be read steadily and consecutively, and, something rarer and more difficult to bring off, it can be dipped into here and there, as you would dip into Boswell. But it is also a work of great erudition, one that will undoubtedly run successfully the gauntlet of the learned reviews. Mr. Van Doren's fifteen years of research have been incorporated in the work with the care of the artist and the scholar. They are not displayed with the pedant's glee, but neither have they been concealed as something supposedly detrimental to a wide circulation among the reading public. Simply from the point of view of the mechanics of book-making, the book is an admirable example of what to do with the necessary, but often clumsy, apparatus of learning. The footnotes are there, and the bibliography is there, but there so unobtrusively that no one need be bothered by them who doesn't want to be. The index, a vital matter too often skimped in new books nowadays, is a marvel of completeness.

This is certainly the Franklin book of our generation. Franklin had a tremendous press in his own day, and men have been writing about him ever since. Mr. Van Doren has mastered this great body of writing, got the best out of it, and put in much himself. He is scrupulously fair to his predecessors, though perhaps he passes over a bit lightly what the French.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and notably M. Bernard Fay, have done for Franklin. It is true that in general the French have made him a bit too much of a Frenchman—it's a habit they have with those they like—and Mr. Van Doren has done well to insist that he was a Yankee transplanted to Philadelphia, and not the dream of eighteenth-century French *salons* made flesh. As one of the Founders, he was bound to become for many Americans something of a figure from the schoolbooks, a hero and a symbol, less and more than a man. But he has never been stuffed by the literary and pedagogical taxidermists as Washington has been stuffed, and it is not quite certain that Mr. Van Doren is altogether justified in complaining in his preface that "the dry, prim people" have really succeeded hitherto in monopolizing him as one of their own. Certainly ordinary folk have never forgotten the Franklin who gave such extraordinary advice to a young man on the choice of a mistress.

Franklin was indeed no romanticist, no heaven-storming seeker, nor even, as a Wordsworth or a Keats fixed the word on our language, a poet. He was a Yankee, but that kind of Yankee which utterly excludes the Bronson Alcotts, and even a good deal of the Thoreaus. He was a man of the eighteenth century, but of that eighteenth century which utterly excludes the Rousseaus, and even much of the Samuel Johnsons and the Burkes. You cannot fairly make Franklin into anything like a Shelley or a Byron. But of course Mr. Van Doren does not try to, and by his "dry, prim people" does not seem to mean more than stupid, unimaginative people who shelter themselves from this world with a few neat formulas. Such people never had any real claim on Franklin, and, with Mr. Van Doren's work, will have even less claim on him.

Crane Brinton is associate professor of history at Harvard.

Hurricane at Sea

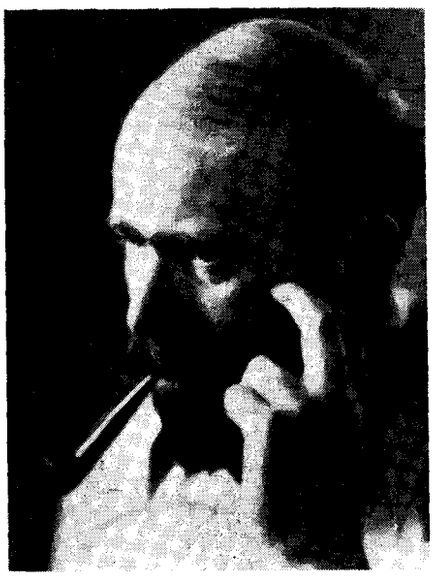
IN HAZARD. By Richard Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

AFTER waiting nine years for a new book by the author of "High Wind in Jamaica" (also known as "The Innocent Voyage"), you may be disappointed to discover that it has to do with a cargo-vessel which gets caught in the path of a hurricane. In the minds of most people that situation has been rather fully covered by Conrad's "Typhoon." There can be no question, I think, of the fact that Mr. Hughes has read "Typhoon," or that he was acutely aware of the details and the development of Conrad's story in writing his own.

He begins, as Conrad does, with a careful description of the ship and an enumeration of the ship's officers and crew, who are often the counterparts and sometimes the complements of the characters in the earlier book. Then the wind blows. There's a wind in "Typhoon," needless to say, that it's one of those comparatively innocuous, seventy-five-mile-an-hour affairs. Mr. Hughes's hurricane whirls with nearly three times that velocity, so that when the number two hatch begins floating alongside the ship and smoke billows up out of a huge hole where the funnel *used* to be, it is impossible to keep on making literary comparisons. "In Hazard" from then on is Mr. Hughes's book and nobody else's.

His mark is on certain things, even at the beginning. For example, there is Thomas, the first officer's pet lemur: "This little Thomas slept all day, and he was not very energetic even at night. But he had one prejudice. He liked the human eye



Richard Hughes: his "mind and imagination . . . are both unmistakable" . . .

and he did not approve of it being shut, ever. If he came into Mr. Buxton's cabin while his master was asleep he would jump carefully on to the edge of the bunk, and then with anxious and delicate movements of his long fingers he would lift the sleeping man's eyelid till the ball was fully exposed." Anyone who has read "High Wind in Jamaica" will know, even if the above passage be read to him aloud in a blindfold test, that the mind and the imagination of Richard Hughes are being exposed to him. They are both unmistakable.

As narrative "In Hazard" seems to me more exciting than "Typhoon," clearer in its descriptions, and more factual. If it had stopped on page 115, after that appalling visitation of sharks and butterflies and sea-birds, the score would have stood, I think, about 12-6 in Mr. Hughes's favor. Unfortunately it doesn't end there, but goes on into a bewildering series of nightmares and psychological cutbacks intended apparently to explain why the Chief Engineer, or young Dick Watchett, or Ao Ling, the Chinese communist, behave the way they do. There has been nothing in the actions of these characters which would make such an explanation necessary; the cutbacks seem arbitrary, therefore, and the nightmares just meaningless. Often in trying to discover what the author is getting at, you lose sight of the hurricane entirely. And in the end, it would appear that he was not really getting at much of anything.

The first half of "In Hazard" is marvelous and complete. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The second half is all very much as if a brilliant surgeon had, after finishing a successful operation, gone on and with heartless, hospital humor operated at random.

"The angry sea races astern"—from "The Making of a Sailor" by Alan Villiers (Morrow).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science and Liberty

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN. A Self-Educator Based on the Social Background of Scientific Discovery. By Lancelot Hogben. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by HOMER W. LESOURD

IN "Science for the Citizen," Mr. Lancelot Hogben has written a companion volume for his "Mathematics for the Million," which appeared last year. In the subtitle of this new book the author serves a warning on the prospective reader; this is "A Self-Educator based on the Social Background of Scientific Discovery" and this constitutes a concise and accurate description as well as the justification and motivation of the book. It is an omnibus of scientific information in which man is projected on the background of time and space, and feels the repercussion of this background.

Lancelot Hogben

The book has five principal divisions. Part I, "The Conquest of Time Reckoning and Space Measurement," is largely devoted to astronomy, although it includes optical instruments, mechanics of the earth, wave motion, sound, and light. There is an extended treatment of the elementary principles of navigation. Part II, "The Conquest of Substitutes," deals with chemistry in its relation to three requirements of everyday life in civilized countries: metals, munitions, and medicines. Considerable organic chemistry is introduced in this section. Part III, "The Conquest of Power," presents certain aspects of physics, especially heat and electricity and their various effects and applications. Part IV, "The Conquest of Hunger and Disease," deals with the body as a machine, with bacteriology, evolution, human ecology, and other biological matters. This happens to be the author's own scientific field and he treats it extremely well. Part V, "The Conquest of Behavior," is devoted to psychology and to sociology. In this part, and in the epilogue, the author emphasizes the vital connection between scientific progress and true personal liberty, a theme which permeates the whole book and provides its raison d'être.

The author's style is clear and entertaining. His flippancy, far from detracting from the scientific value of his writing, gives a peculiar zest to it. The anecdotal incidents bearing on the history of scientific progress are always appropriate and always interesting. A notable characteristic of the writer's ability makes it possible for the reader to plunge into the text at almost any point and be carried along by the inherent interest of the argument. This may seem to imply lack of continuity and a loose organization, but in spite of the fact that the author refuses to adhere rigidly to traditional lines of the several sciences, his sequence of topics serves his own purpose well and is never inconsistent with his guiding principle, "the social background of scientific discovery."

It is greatly to the credit of the author that within the bounds of 1082 pages he has been able to assemble such an incredible compendium of scientific knowledge. One who has special scientific interests will naturally regret that certain topics have not received more attention, such for instance as photosynthesis, muscular exercise as an energy transformer, and the important results of astrophysical investigation. Commercial applications of a scientific nature are given but scant consideration; however, the interrelation of pure and applied science is constantly kept before the reader. The book is remarkably free from scientific inaccuracies.

The author in his preface states that he shares with Faraday and Huxley "a firm faith in the educability of mankind." The book, in spite of the author's engaging explanations in a fascinating historical setting, is in reality a serious textbook and is not to be classed with the common type of popular science book which glorifies science and its practical applications but fails to teach the fundamental concepts and principles of science. The reader of this book finds, perhaps to his discomfort, that he is led somewhat insidiously into portions of mathematics which are indispensable if one is to study an exact science. A clever reader will discover just where he may permit himself to skip the mathematical treatment without doing violence to the continuity of the book, and fortunately there will be no teacher at hand to reprove him. However, the "citizen" will question whether the introduction of trigonometry, absolute units of force and energy, an extended discussion of magnetic moments and the solution of numerical problems will contribute materially to an appreciation of the impact of science on society.

The reader will doubtless be very favorably impressed by the selection of historical pictures and illustrative line drawings. The latter are unique in their clarity, simplicity, originality, and teaching value. Unfortunately many of the half-tones are not of particularly good quality.

Naturally one is led to wonder whether the book will appeal to the average reader of non-fictional literature who has no special interest in science. Its size and its mathematical aspect will doubtless discourage many such persons. However there are many serious-minded laymen in America who are striving to gain a better understanding of the development of man's material and intellectual estate. The teacher of science, and to a certain extent the teacher in other fields of human thought, will find in this book abundant material for the enrichment of his classroom work and for his own stimulation. Its value is greatly enhanced by the remarkably fine bibliography, which is of an international character, and the carefully prepared index.

One may disagree with the author's views regarding certain philosophers and scientists and his prescriptions for the disorders of the human race, but one can have nothing but praise for the delightful and thought-provoking qualities of the book.

Homer W. LeSourd is head of the science department of Milton Academy.

The Tories in Power

THE SECOND TORY PARTY, 1714-1832. By Keith Grahame Feiling. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $4.

IN a former book Mr. Feiling traced the history of the Tories from their Cavalier beginnings to the destruction which overwhelmed them on the death of Queen Anne. This volume, which carries on their record to the eve of the Reform Act, is equally masterly in its quiet authority. It is scholarship of the most thorough and exacting kind, based upon documents in both public and private collections which have not hitherto been so exhaustively examined; and it is presented not only with the accuracy to be expected from an experienced historian but with a narrative and expository skill that greatly enhances its importance. It is also, of course, much more than a mere party history; it is a complete study of the temper of political England from the fall of Bolingbroke to the death of Canning.

For decades after the Hanoverian succession Toryism was ineffectual, incapable of struggling against the bribery and corruption by means of which the Whigs had entrenched themselves in power. Not until the accession of George II and the emergence of new problems, both internal and foreign, was there any substance to the party. Then it was gradually reborn to power, and achieved under the younger Pitt the resistlessness which its opponents had so long enjoyed. Mr. Feiling is equally judicious in dealing with the years of decadence and with the years of strength.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1938, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Categories of Reviewing

ABOUT once a week we receive a letter deploring, or viewing with alarm, what is supposed to be a tendency on the part of book reviews to neglect literary values in favor of something more glittering but more ephemeral. Criticism is, so these occasional correspondents inform us, overlooking its proper occupation with the best that has been thought and said, with the adventures of the soul among masterpieces, in order to concern itself with mere superficialities. These letters usually come from teachers, most of them teachers in colleges. There is undoubtedly something in what they say. However, there is sometimes a categorical quality in the argument for literary values—an insistence that reviewing should concern itself with these values exclusively—which is as intransigent in its way as the opposite argument, equally familiar and recently more fashionable, that the function of criticism is to evaluate literature in terms of social significance. These questions have from time to time been thoroughly aired in *The Saturday Review;* but an occasional recapitulation makes for clarity.

No doubt it is unnecessary to explain the distinction between criticism and reviewing; not only is it familiar to the verge of platitude, it is also the very point made by our correspondents, who want above all else to maintain the distinction, to insist on its rigidity. What can be said, however, is that both criticism, which is concerned with permanent values, and reviewing, which is concerned with the ephemeral, can exist side by side. They can exist between the covers of the same periodical, they can even occasionally be found together in a single article. It is an ingenious idea to borrow Gresham's law from economics and apply it to literature—to say that bad criticism, like bad money, drives out good; but this is only an analogy, impossible to prove. Between criticism and reviewing you are not obliged to choose; you can have both.

That the permanent values of literature are the paramount concern of criticism, no one disputes. *The Saturday Review* has, in the past, frequently had occasion to resist the attempt to substitute other values for literary values—to subordinate literary significance to political or economic significance. We do, however, recognize that other values than the purely literary exist in the whole field of books. For instance, it would be as silly to review a book on economics in terms of literature as to review a book of poems in terms of politics. Good reviews will, of course, point out that the book on economics is readably or unreadably written, as the case may be, and will identify the political trend of the book of verse if it has one; but this is incidental. The point is that people read books for any number of reasons, for information, for amusement, and for the enrichment of life through the imagination; that books have all kinds of values, literary value, news value, entertainment value, practical value; and that books should be reviewed in their own terms.

All this has been said before, but it is surprising how many people were not listening. We often read reviews submitted by young reviewers who would like to write for these columns, and we are struck by one quality common to most of them—the attempt to compare a current novel with "War and Peace," a current play with "Hamlet," a current biography with Boswell or even Plutarch. The matter is certainly reduced to the absurd when a reviewer writes, for instance, in all solemnity, that a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas is not so good as a novel by Dostoievski; but this is no worse than some things we have seen, and it is an extreme illustration of the fact that there are many books to which literary standards cannot appropriately be applied. Most current books, in any event, die a natural death without having the big guns trained on them; time enough to apply criticism when a book shows signs of vitality and toughness, of making a bid for more than temporary life.

We can, of course, recognize many things in the atmosphere that prompt English teachers to write to us, urging that literary standards be upheld. The cult of the lowbrow and the technique of showmanship have unquestionably invaded every field of literary and intellectual activity. That, however, is another matter. Cheapness and superficiality cannot be combated by pretension. To confine discussion of books to the analysis of their purely literary qualities will uphold not literary standards, but intellectual snobbery. Those who underestimate the other values of books will perform a considerable disservice to the cause of reading, and will alienate many readers from the very standards they are trying, with too much rigidity and solemnity, to maintain.

Ammonoosuc

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THERE are two streams that bear the name,
One is the Wild and one the Tame;
And on an afternoon we came
To the Wild Ammonoosuc.

We lay in stupor, sweating, prone
Upon a ledge of sunwarmed stone;
I could not rest for beauty shown
Beside the Ammonoosuc:

The small pink flower on supple stalk,
The confidential water-talk
As you came down from Moosilauke
O amber Ammonoosuc.

Unspeakable in rhyme or prose
That moving Now the spirit knows,
The flow that pauses, pause that flows
So like the Ammonoosuc,

And I, who had escaped from men,
From How and Why and Where and When,
Cried Take me, make me whole again
O blessed Ammonoosuc.

Too late I saw, beyond dispute:
"You must not bathe, must not pollute,
If so, the State will prosecute—
Preserve the Ammonoosuc!"

New Hampshire Forest Monitors,
Forgive my sins as I do yours—
Clad only in a pair of drawers
I entered Ammonoosuc,

And where her crystal overran it
I lay down in channeled granite;
Braced against the pushing planet
I bathed in Ammonoosuc.

Pollute her water? No, not I;
And may these verses justify
My trespass in the youthful, shy
And willing Ammonoosuc,

For in that sluice of stream and sun
I dreamed that I and everyone
A whole new ethic had begun
Inspired by Ammonoosuc.

Refreshed in her, I understand
One truth from A to ampersand:
That every heart in every land
Has its own Ammonoosuc.

Be then, O secret cataract,
For me both parable and fact;
You gave me what my courage lacked
O reckless Ammonoosuc.

When all the world moves widdershin
(Half Tory and half Jacobin)
Come pour your mountain freshet in,
My sweet Wild Ammonoosuc.

The open way has symbols three:
The fire, the stream, the growing tree;
If I grow morbid, say to me:
Remember Ammonoosuc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Horatio Alger, Jr.; Rebuttal on "Joseph"*

Presentation Copy

SIR:—The recent article by Frederick Allen on Horatio Alger, Jr., reminds me of a book I picked up from the shelves of Longfellow's private library in Harvard's poetry room several years ago. It was a book of poems—title forgotten—by Horatio Alger, Jr., inscribed by the author, a presentation copy from Alger to Longfellow. . . . Nearly fifty Algers are on my library shelf at home. I used to buy them at the dime store when I was a kid, just after the war. Now, when I ask a college class about Alger, there's not a knowing look in a carload of undergraduates.

EUGENE B. VEST

Monmouth, Ill.

Limerick

SIR:—Can you quote the old Irish song, "Oh, Won't You Come Up To Limerick?"

I have frequently heard it referred to as a possible reason for the name of the five-line verse, but it doesn't sound so to me.

CAROLYN WELLS

New York City

Wanderer from Philistia

SIR:—You know where fools rush in, and here comes one who is willing to risk deserving the appellation. I have read practically every word of every issue of *SRL* for many a year and have been guided largely by its reviews, rarely to my disappointment. So I read "Joseph in Egypt." But for the burst of comment in your pages it would have been to me just another of the rather overrated books that are a normal part of any extensive reader's experience. It is true that beauties and profundities may be found in it; such are sometimes encountered even in justly forgotten works by minor writers. But I put it to the "reputable critics," respectful of Mr. Mann's great reputation, whether or not a mere reader may be justified in feeling that "Joseph in Egypt" is guilty of what Andrew Lang called the only unpardonable literary sin, dullness. Early fiction writers were wont to put in the mouths of their characters long pages of discourse, although no listener in real life would have endured them. An ordinary novelist of today would be condemned if he let his characters expatiate in utterances of a page at a time. But Joseph and his companions, with some perfectly obvious point to make, will maunder prosily around it and about it in stilted artificial diction page after page. And the narrative and descriptive passages similarly drift along over sluggish seas of verbiage, much of them little other than conscious and deliberate fine writing, agreeable in moderation but rather dreary when overdone. The book is no doubt vastly erudite, it has passages of wisdom and eloquence, it has the newly discovered (or is it *re*covered?) virtue of considerable length. It may not have been "easy writing," yet comes close to being "cursed hard reading."

Long after the days of Joseph the Philistines greatly annoyed the children of Israel. Who knows but that some hapless wanderer from Philistia may have drifted even as far as the stern Caledonian hills and that I may unwittingly stem from him? If so I am doubly sure that I do not stand alone in classing Mr. Mann, as to this work, in Mr. Benét's words on another subject, as one of "a good many novelists one reads with more duty than pleasure."

A. C. ANDERSON

Minneapolis, Minn.

Witch Scene

SIR:—Miss Hamilton, in her article on "Joseph in Egypt," claims that Thomas Mann was but producing Macbeth's "witch-scene" with a slightly different variation in the treatment of his "witch-scene" upon the roof. Shakespeare himself, however, was but adapting a tradition far older than his own version; he was not its originator.

Shakespeare uses the witches as forces embodying the past, present, and future in respect to Macbeth; Dr. Mann treats this tradition similarly, as Miss Hamilton remarks. But not superficially as a witch-scene only (nor did Shakespeare), but as a climactic scene in the emotional development of Eni (whom one can scarcely call an "architectural character"): the scene here marks the culmination of Eni's past conflicts, and is the present direct incentive for the future process of degradation through which Eni is subsequently forced.

Neither does Joseph seem to me static in his perfection. Miss Hamilton is unable to visualize his physical appearance; Dr. Mann, however, has done it for her. Joseph's lips are not a feature of perfection: they are human in their expression of sensuality. Nor are his eyes unimaginable; Thomas Mann has chosen them appropriately and legitimately as the means of spiritual expression, in conflict with the sensuousness of his mouth. And this conflict, too, is a human conflict. The eyes are the clearest outward sign of the realization by Joseph of the necessity for his myth-fulfillment: through the spirit. It is his acting upon this realization that makes the character of Joseph dynamic, and therefore living. There can be no suggestion, then, of the "architectural" quality in it.

The publication of Dr. Mann's references for this novel would be invaluable. Miss Hamilton is correct in pointing this out.

WILLIAM B. BARKER

Buffalo, N. Y.

Unless we receive a letter so brilliant that it demands publication, this will be the end of opinions on "Joseph in Egypt," orthodox and heterodox.—Ed.

Letters of Southey

SIR:—I am collecting materials and preparing for publication an edition of the unpublished letters of Robert Southey (1774-1843). Should any of your readers possess any of Southey's autograph letters, I should be grateful for the opportunity of corresponding with them.

KENNETH CURRY

University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

Jack London

SIR:—Congratulations on printing such an excellent feature article as Mr. T. K. Whipple's "Jack London—Wonder Boy" in the current issue of the SRL! It has all of the snap and energy of style, the broad interpretation, and the sanity of judgment which we have always looked for in your *Review*.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD

Yale Graduate School
New Haven, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor: the Middle Way

THIS IS DEMOCRACY. Collective Bargaining in Scandinavia. By Marquis Childs. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

THIS excellent little book of Mr. Childs's appears simultaneously with the report of President Roosevelt's special commission on labor relations in Sweden. It shows how unions have won their place in all three of the Scandinavian commonwealths, and that collective bargaining is almost universally recognized by employers. Wage scales are commonly set for an industry as a whole by negotiations between the appropriate employers' association and the given union or federation of unions. Out of these negotiations have come thus far a respect of each side for the other, such as has developed in this country in the printing and clothing industries. Assured of the right to bargain collectively, the unions do not now ask for a closed shop. This is an interesting corroboration of the belief of many students that the demand for the closed shop today in this country largely springs from the fear that without it employers would discriminate against union men and hence undermine the strength of the union and the permanence of the collective agreement.

This does not mean that the struggle over wages and hours is an insipid one without a real conflict of interests. On the contrary, these conflicts are hard fought in the process of negotiation, and result in a larger volume of time lost through strikes than in any other set of countries in the world. But these strikes are almost always cleanly fought and leave no real scars behind. For they are not waged for the bare right to be recognized, which is freely admitted by the employers, but merely over the terms of employment. Employers have by now given up the use of professional strike-breakers, believing that this practice costs them more in ill-will than they gain from it. While the workers impose a severe social ostracism upon any who go through their picket lines to work, the pressure which they exert is moral rather than physical in nature.

On the whole, the unions have done well, and once given a place in the sun have shown themselves to be responsible. The rapid increase in real wages which the Swedish workers have enjoyed during the last thirty years may well have been due in part to the activities of the unions. But to a still larger measure, it has been caused by the large increase in per capita production. This in turn has been due to the growth of capital, and improvements in technical efficiency.

In all three of the countries, labor governments are now in power in alliance with farmers' parties. In Sweden and Norway, the laborites are definitely courting middle-class and farming support. They have moved far from the exclusive emphasis which the continental socialists formerly gave to the industrial "proletariat" and which did so much to estrange the salaried, middle, and agricultural classes and to make them susceptible to the demagogy of fascism. Mr. Childs is, however, clearly conscious of more threatening shadows than he permitted to cross his earlier and famous book, "Sweden, the Middle Way." What would happen, he asks, if the important export industries of these countries were to shrink, as did the foreign market for Danish butter, eggs, and bacon, when England embarked on her "Buy British" program? Would Swedish employers con-

Harris & Ewing

Marquis Childs—"Conscious of more threatening shadows than he permitted to cross his earlier work" . . .

tinue to be liberal-minded in a period of declining capitalism, or would they turn to fascism, whose German manifestations seem to be favored by some of the Stockholm papers which are owned by industrialists? The threat of Nazi Germany, moreover, hangs heavily over all these countries. Germany gets half of its iron ore from Sweden and a considerable fraction of its munitions and machinery. It is importing from Denmark a larger and larger fraction of that country's fats. In view of these tendencies, together with the importance of the Baltic to Hitler in any war with Russia, and Great Britain's complete abandonment of the principle of collective security, it will be difficult for liberal governments to continue in the north of Europe. Let us hope that they will be able to keep to their course, and that they will not join the increasing number of democracies which Tory England has thrown to the fascist wolves on the plea that this is the only honorable way to abate the hunger of the wolves and teach them respect for the weak.

A Dutch Novel of French Revolution

THE HOUSE OF TAVELINCK. By Jo van Ammers-Kuller. Translated from the Dutch by A. v. A. van Duym and Edmund Gilligan. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HERE is another fine, fat romantic novel of the French Revolution, replete with scenes and characters that have been worked over by writers beyond numbering; but American readers will find it something of a novelty in its kind, for it approaches the familiar revolutionary terrain by way of Holland, and it follows the fortunes of a Dutch hero.

Dirk Tavelinck, son of Lourens Jan Tavelinck, burgomaster of Amsterdam, was born into a society that seemed, to those who enjoyed its advantages, ordered from on high and everlastingly secure. The Patriots might invoke the name of freedom and defy the House of Orange, and even the sons of regents might call themselves democrats and talk of the rights of man; but freedom for most Patriots meant only freedom from Orange, and it occurred to few of the aristocratic young democrats that the rights of man could possibly be shared in by their social inferiors. Dirk, however, was a better democrat than most. He sincerely believed in Liberty, and his belief was tested by fire, by time, and by suffering. In Holland he saw men playing at liberty, and the Patriots breaking at the mere sight of Prussian soldiers; in exile, at Saint-Omer, he witnessed the impotence of a liberalism that was without arms; and in Paris, and as a general in the *sans-culottes* army of Dumouriez, he learned that almost every friend of liberty had his price.

The author manages her plot well, in a time-honored fashion which permits her characters to disappear and then reappear in the action with the maximum of dramatic effect. She moves through her history with ease and without pedantry; and she makes us believe in the enduring love of Dirk and Anna, even though Dirk is little more than a hero of romance and Anna only the ideal type of a woman forever loving and forever true. She paints her scenes with telling strokes, her lesser figures all emerge into individual life, and her tale tightens its grip on the reader's interest as it proceeds. But she has suffered grievously indeed at the hands of her present translators. I understand that Mr. van Duym made a literal translation from the Dutch, which was then rewritten by Mr. Gilligan. This method is never likely to prove entirely satisfactory, but even a modicum of editorial supervision would have spared us the verbal blunders and horrors that disfigure "The House of Tavelinck."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hall Caine's Version of the Gospel Story

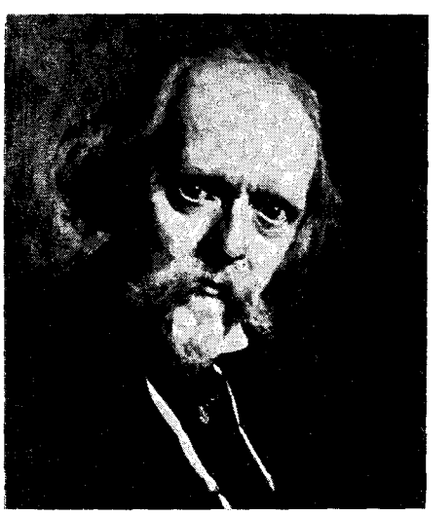
LIFE OF CHRIST. By Hall Caine. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

EXPLICITLY, thirty-nine years of research and study went into Hall Caine's posthumously published "Life of Christ"; implicitly, a whole lifetime went into it. His early boyhood on the isolated Isle of Man was passed in the midst of a devout Methodism still in its first vigor, and although when he grew into manhood he discarded all fundamentalist dogmas, he never lost his devotion to the Bible. In his novels, "The Deemster," "The Christian," "The Bondman," "The Manxman," — those amazing best-sellers that rocked pulpit and press in the eighties and nineties—the themes were usually drawn from Biblical story, and the effort was to show how old truths continued to function under the strange disguises of the modern world. In what was to be his crowning work, the "Life of Christ," he simply reversed the process to attain the same end, and endeavored to reinterpret the Christ story in the light of modern science and criticism.

Fortunately, he lived to finish his task, although in his own eyes it was never completed and he refused to allow the work to be published, continually making revisions and additions until it reached the enormous size of three million words. By judicious editing and the omission of notes and references usually sufficiently indicated in the text itself, the work has been reduced to 650,000 words without injury to its exhaustive character.

Exhaustive, but not in the least exhausting. Hall Caine's remarkable narrative skill was never better exemplified. Although the first one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to an account of Biblical history and writing before the appearance of Jesus on the scene, the reader is never impatient, because of the steady onward movement and the sense of approaching culmination. In the story of Jesus himself virtually all of the many controversial points are fully discussed, but once more this is done without interfering with the flow of the narrative or the illuminating quality of the characterization. As a work of art, this is unquestionably the best work in its field since Ernest Renan's "Vie de Jesus."



Hall Caine "saw the world as a mighty novel in which a divine plot was working itself out" . . .

As a historical biography, its claims are more doubtful. The very esthetic merits of the book are incompatible with objectivity. It is so much alive because the author put so much of himself into it. Caine saw the world as a mighty novel in which a divine plot was working itself out through human means. He goes through the Bible accepting or discarding according as the parts seem to bring out or obscure the central plot. So with the Gospels, he rejects all of the supernatural elements in the life of Jesus except for a few miracles that seem to have special symbolic value. The method is manifestly subjective, determined by Hall Caine's high sense of moral values. Imaginative fiction, informed by such values, is, as Aristotle pointed out, more important than history. Thus, not in derogation but merely in discrimination, one might say that Hall Caine's "Life of Christ" will remain as his greatest work of creative fiction.

Ernst Sutherland Bates recently edited a version of the Bible for modern readers.

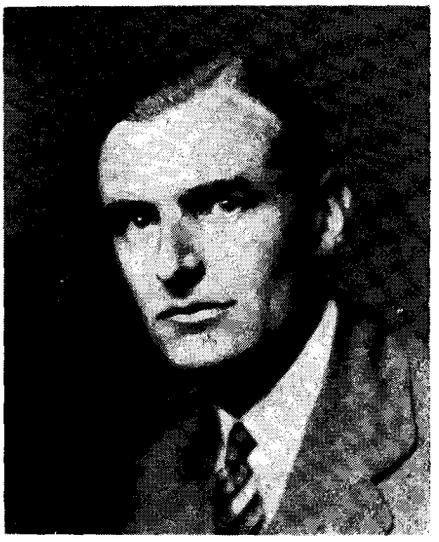
Big "D" and Little "d"

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE STORY OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

MR. AGAR has added another forceful volume to the series which began with "The People's Choice," a Pulitzer Prize winner of 1933. A minor objection might be made to the title of his present work. Although picturesque and reminiscent of the Declaration of Independence, it must be admitted that "The Pursuit of Happiness" is a highly inclusive phrase. Nor is it completely clarified by the sub-title, namely "the Story of American Democracy." To be sure the woodcut of a galloping donkey, immediately below, leaves no doubt that the party is meant rather than democracy with a little "d." More precisely the author defines his purpose as that of reëxamining the story of the Democratic Party from Jefferson to the Great Depression.

To the credit of Mr. Agar it may be said, however, that his study goes beyond mere party history; it approximates a history of democracy in the United States. As he conceives it, democracy is broader



Pinchot

Herbert Agar

than politics. In an admirable definition he emphasizes the economic, and beyond the economic, the moral conditions without which popular government must always be imperfect. Obviously we have fallen short of realizing the party's original principle: equal rights for all, special privileges for none.

Starting then with the premise that the true aim of the Democratic Party has always been to achieve democracy in the United States, Mr. Agar reviews the periods when, under the leadership of Jefferson, Jackson, Bryan, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, it was true to this aim, and hence was regarded as disreputable, even as revolutionary, by all our "best people," particularly by the more well-to-do among them. Also he accounts thoroughly for periods of a directly opposite character. Since the Civil War, with the exception of the periods dominated by Bryan, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic Party has been "either sound asleep—or a cheap imitation of the Republican Party."

Mr. Agar's reëxamination of the history of the Democratic Party does not rest upon original investigation of source materials. That would be the work of a lifetime, requiring a score of volumes for adequate treatment. He has, however, made judicious use of the best historical writers, among them Henry Adams, W. E. Dodd, Marquis James, Matthew Josephson, and Allan Nevins. His Left-Wing point of view will, of course be viewed with alarm by Republicans and by those who so humorously call themselves "Jeffersonian Democrats"; pointed to with pride by New Dealers; and condemned because of its bourgeois mentality by Marxists. As to the vigor of his presentation all schools of political thought must perforce agree. It is to be regretted that Mr. Agar did not extend his study to the present time, which would have permitted him to discuss the policies of President Roosevelt as fully as those of Jefferson and Jackson.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Confucius to Hemingway

THE MARCH OF LITERATURE. By Ford Madox Ford. New York: The Dial Press. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

IN his introduction Mr. Ford points out that there are 150,000,000 Americans and 450,000,000 Britishers, every one of whom is taught to read English, yet the sale of a book "of any literary merit whatsoever" is at best 14,000 copies in the British Islands and 40,000 in the United States. He concludes that, as there are some 50,000 professors of literature in the two "vast realms," one professor "in a life of conscientious labor induces about 1.08 pupils to become, after tuition, reasonably civilized human beings." So, "there must be something wrong with the way in which the attractions of literature and the other arts are presented to our teeming populations." Tuition in literature should not be in the hands of the learned, "but in those of artist-practitioners." Hence this stout survey of the literature of the world by an unacademic teacher.

Ford Madox Ford

A volume of nearly nine hundred pages, ranging from Confucius to Ernest Hemingway, cannot be discussed in detail within the confines of a book review. The best I can do is to note my impressions at various points in Mr. Ford's discourse—for this is a prolonged discourse and not an outline of literature. The conversation and guidance of a well-read man have always seemed to me the only possible means of "teaching" literature. Here and there, once in a while, at rare intervals that are becoming rarer, there appears a professor who has the capacity to excite the interest of his students in books. This explains Mr. Ford's introductory statistics, for nobody who cares for literature has ever attached any importance to conventional classes in the subject, or to the kind of soon forgotten information which procures high marks at an examination. To what extent has Mr. Ford succeeded in providing a satisfactory substitute for academic histories of literature?

Standard histories often have value as works of reference. This book is almost useless for that purpose. It has no table of contents, and it is so loosely planned that one has the greatest difficulty in finding out what sections deal with any particular period. The last pages do not conclude with contemporary writers, for chronological order is not followed. A synchronized table of nineteenth and twentieth century authors, prepared by Mr. Oliver Carol Young, is the only information of a bibliographical nature in this enormous volume covering the literature of the world. The table covers English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Scandinavian literature. It also follows no plan or principle, save that it contains the names of authors deemed "indispensable" by Mr. Ford.

Authors who have been translated into English are not clearly indicated, and in some cases where translations are available the works listed are precisely those —often not very important works—which can be read only in the original. Names are given without the listing of one book to justify their inclusion. The only books by Yeats recommended are a juvenile, out-of-print anthology, which he edited in his early twenties, and a volume of his plays. Maupassant is represented by his obscure first book of verse and one short story. Two Spanish authors are recommended by listing a long series of related novels as if they were one title.

The index is described by the publishers as being "imaginatively prepared." It certainly is. The reference to "The Playboy of the Western World," for example, turns out to be an allusion to a cousin of J. M. Synge's, "Mr. F. M. Synge, H.M. Deputy Marshall of Ceremonies," who once told Mr. Ford that "Trollope was extraordinarily unnoticeable." There are eight references to Ezra Pound in the index, but only one each to the following: Yeats, Edith Wharton, Spencer, Swinburne, Rimbaud, Hamsun, Dreiser, Brandes, Hauptmann, Bernard Shaw, and literally hundreds of more important authors. Moreover, most of these one-reference authors merely occur as passing names in the text. The writers so treated, and others who are completely ignored, naturally reflect Mr. Ford's judgment of their importance.

As I have said, this book is a prolonged discourse by Mr. Ford. It has no other interest. It is hopeless as a reference work for the neophyte and it will exasperate anyone who knows the literature with which it deals, particularly in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, where it is easier to detect the author's bias and to note his purely arbitrary judgments. As talk to students, some of the material might be useful, if they are near a library with good reference and bibliographical facilities. As a book, "The March of Literature" will entertain those who are amused by the vagaries of Mr. Ford's conversation, the inevitable reminiscential allusions to Conrad and Henry James, the faithful illusion that all the "Parisio-Anglo-American" (to quote his own adjective) geese of the last thirty years are swans. Although an "artist-practitioner" and an excellent editor, he does not impress me as a guide and informant. He does not communicate to me the love of literature which I had no difficulty in learning from the Tyrells, Dowdens, Saintsburys, Gosses, Brunetières, Brandeses, Lemaîtres, Remy de Gourmonts, of my time. Some of these were professors, some were not, some more so than others. They all could do more for me than the "artist-practitioners" turned critics. Swinburne was certainly as silly a critic as Churton Collins was a dull one.

Growing Up in Iceland

THE NIGHT AND THE DREAM. By Gunnar Gunnarsson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

THIS second book of Gunnar Gunnarsson's autobiographical cycle has the exquisite cool clarity of the first, "Ships in the Sky." Here, too, the warmth and strength of the characters in action are often accompanied by lovely brief interludes when the child's eyes suddenly lift to sea or sky or mountains, and a mood of calm delight replaces concern over himself or others.

But "The Night and the Dream" is graver than "Ships in the Sky." Uggi, the Icelandic child who is the hero, is only eight when the book begins, but he has already lost his mother, the one person whose entire and selfless attention he could claim. His father and his new stepmother love him and try to make him happy; but his life remains forever awry without his mother. The world's weight has begun to settle on him; though he is never badly treated, he becomes aware of the possibility of cruelty. He learns to be quiet under injustice. He works hard, though willingly; he helps on the farm, drives sheep down from the mountains, hauls telegraph poles, and finally is able to load coal on ships. We watch his delight over his own growth in strength and skill and therefore in consequence.

But in later adolescence, the mind of the boy Uggi grows more and more remote, preoccupied with vague dreams. He has a few tentative and not very interesting love affairs, more distinguished for inexperience than for any passion or poetry. His thoughts become so hazy that not even Mr. Gunnarsson seems always able to follow them. Perhaps it is the boy's own loss of interest in Iceland that makes the book itself seem to fade, when Uggi ceases to be a child. He has already absorbed whatever the country and the people could teach him, and he is ready now for new things to learn.

Mr. Gunnarsson writes with great simplicity, and an unfailing talent for creating both scene and characters. His books build up the most vivid picture of the harsh, troll-ridden, and magnificent country which he so loves, and the people who inhabit it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK PREVIEW

Early Publishing in America

BY BURTON RASCOE

In celebration of the centenary of the publishing house of Putnam, G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish next week "An American Reader," an anthology of American writings selected from Putnam publications, edited by Burton Rascoe. The following material is from Mr. Rascoe's introduction.

Burton Rascoe

ON the *John o' London* bound for Boston out of Plymouth in the summer of 1638, one Rev. Jesse Glover suddenly booked passage for himself, his wife, five children, and a locksmith. He also had listed on the ship's cargo manifest a chest of books, a font of type, and a printing press. The clergyman had just learned that a John Harvard had died and had bequeathed to Newtown College in Massachusetts £780 and a library of three hundred books. The locksmith's name was Stephen Daye; he was brought along by the Rev. Glover because the clergyman was in a hurry and Daye was the only man he could locate who happened to know a little about printing and running a handpress. Glover had kept in touch with the affairs of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and, while waiting for the time to be ripe, he had collected enough money from his nonconformist parishioners to buy a press and some type to take to the New World and there further God's cause—as the nonconformists saw it—among the heathen. He planned to set up a bookselling and printing business in Newtown (later renamed Cambridge) and the college (later renamed Harvard) because he figured this academic place would certainly become a center of divine exegesis, and therefore a flourishing business ought to develop for him in the printing of sermons, refutations, pamphlets, proclamations, and psalm books.

It is unpleasant to record that the Rev. Glover died en route. But his good wife had full instructions in case of his demise, which were that she should carry out his plans and manage the press and the bookselling business herself. Unfortunately these plans also went slightly awry. She presented herself and her project to the Rev. Henry Dunster, first president of the new college, by then called Harvard. That good and godly man immediately was smitten with the tender passion for the printing press and Mrs. Glover and presently married her—five children, locksmith, and all. Times had been tough for President Dunster. He had often had difficulty in collecting his miserable salary from the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; his forty students usually paid him in farm produce, when they paid him at all, and the surplus of this produce over his needs he would have to chase around trying to sell or barter, in addition to his work as president, professor of divinity, manager and birchman, and treasurer of Harvard.

More plans went awry. President Dunster occasionally got a job-printing order for some pamphlets and sermons; but, although the locksmith, Daye, could set type slowly, he couldn't develop any real knack for running the press; he was slow and he botched the work; so the printer-president lost orders; in the space of twenty years Dunster was able to sell to his fellow scholars and divines only £25.10.0 worth of books out of the widow Glover's dowry. Worst of all, Mrs. Dunster died after bearing the president five children in addition to the five stepchildren he had to support; and one stepchild, John Glover, having come of age after his mother's death, promptly sued his stepfather for the press and for the restitution of sundry other properties and the monies received from the sale of the books, profits from the press, etc.—and *won*.

But whatever the mishaps that attended this Glover (sometimes called the Cambridge) press, it was the first printing press set up in America. On it was printed the first book published in America, "The Whole Booke of Psalmes." An erroneous tradition credits Stephen Daye with various early American publications, all of which were books issued after Daye had given up printing, and had gone back to his old trade of locksmith. He was never a publisher.

The first real publishing center in America, in fact, was neither Cambridge, nor Boston, nor New York. It was Philadelphia. And the first publisher in the modern sense of the word was a Philadelphian, Matthew Carey, among whose authors perhaps the most famous one was Parson (Mason Locke) Weems, author of the famous "Life of Washington" and inventor of the cherry-tree myth. Parson Weems was one of the first, if not the first, American author to have his books accepted by a publisher on the modern royalty or profit-sharing basis. Under this system, which Carey inaugurated, the publisher bets on his judgment of the salability of a book from manuscript he has read and accepted or upon a book he has engaged an author to do. He takes all the risk of printing, manufacturing, and distributing the book and agrees to pay the author a royalty out of the sales the book enjoys. If the book doesn't sell at all, or sells less than it costs the publisher to bring it out, the publisher loses.

But it is precisely this publishing gamble, initiated by Carey, that revolutionized the "publishing" business in America. Before Carey, so-called publishers were not publishers at all; they were job-printers who sometimes and even usually combined their trade with that of bookseller. If you were an author with a manuscript, seeking immortality or the illusion of immortality that the appearance of printed words within the covers of a book seems to convey, you took your manuscript not to a publisher but to a bookseller or "stationer." He might read your manuscript and agree to sponsor it, *i.e.*, display it for sale in his bookshop after it had been printed and published at your expense. He would permit the printer to say at the foot of the title page, "Printed for John Johnson, Bookseller & Stationer, 11 Regent St., Phila." You would give your printing and binding order to the printer for the number of copies Mr. Johnson thought he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might be able to sell; you paid the printer's bill; Mr. Johnson stocked your book and merely acted as your agent in the sale of the book. Or if the bookseller was also a printer like Benjamin Franklin the process would be the same except that at the foot of the title page one would read: "Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, at the New Printing-Office near the Market." Then you paid B. Franklin for printing the book and also paid him a commission to sell it. You took all the risk; the "publisher" none. It is astonishing that, under that earlier system, so many good books managed to get printed. But it also accounts for the fact that so many American books up until the beginning of the nineteenth century were either religious books or hymn books or political books or novels which nobody then or now could possibly read. The printing costs of the religious books were underwritten by the preacher's parishioners; the costs of the hymnals were underwritten by a whole denomination such as the Methodists or Baptists—which, incidentally, explains the "popularity" of such books, which has dumbfounded and misled many historians and commentators; the "popularity" of such books among the purchasers was just the "popularity" of a textbook on commercial geography which a state school board has adopted as the official one the high-school kid must buy.

Almanacs, mostly plagiarisms then as now, were turned out in New England before 1700; but it was not until 1685 that book publishing got under way in the middle colonies with the publication of the "Kalendarium Pennsilvaniense; or, America's Messenger, Being an Almanack for the Year of Grace 1686." The author was Samuel Atkins, who described himself as "Student in the Mathematicks and Astrology." The title page bore the information that this compendium of knowledge was "Printed and Sold by William Bradford at Philadelphia in Pennsylvania."

In October, 1723, Benjamin Franklin arrived in Philadelphia with a loaf of bread in his pocket and a lot of original ideas in his head. One of these, when he had saved enough money out of his trade as a printer to buy his own press and bring out the first of his cherished projects, "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1733), was to print on the first copies that came off the press the words, "Third Impression," to create the assumption that it was selling like hot-cakes, which, indeed, it presently was. Soon he had a steady annual income of $15,000 from his almanack; his weekly *Pennsylvania Gazette* began to prosper; he had leisure to study. He followed his own Poor Richard precepts and prospered, until, when the time came for him to die at the age of eighty-four, he was one of the most useful and most honored men of his century.

The Matthew Carey mentioned above was also a faithful adherent to the precepts of Poor Richard, early to bed and early to rise, and all the rest. He was a Dubliner born who began his career as a pamphleteer, one of his pamphlets being designed to incite the Irish to revolt against England, as a result of which he had to flee to France. There he got a job in the American Embassy under Franklin. In time he returned to Ireland, published another seditious pamphlet, got thrown into prison whence he was released under the promise he leave the country forever. When he arrived penniless in Philadelphia, the Marquis de Lafayette, there at the time, had already heard of him through Franklin and Didot, the famous French printer. He gave Carey $400 with which to start a newspaper called *The Pennsylvania Herald*, in which Carey started banging heads right and left, with the result that he was laid up for sixteen months for being the slow shot in a duel.

When Carey got into the publishing business, he got into the publishing business. With a vim. He not only inaugurated the royalty system but inaugurated the first system in America of selling books by mail order advertising. He published and sold books not only at his store but bought a horse and rode about the country, getting subscriptions to his paper and advertising books he had for sale which he proposed to send and did send by mail or by private parcels delivery.

The rector of Mount Vernon Parish in Virginia was a colorful, energetic, and fantastic fellow who combined preaching with barnstorming eloquence of various sorts and newspaper writing. When he had a book published, he sold that from the platform, too. His name was Mason L. Weems, but in his writings he called himself simply Parson Weems. His stuff became enormously popular; so Carey, first in so many practices of the publishing game, was the first to do a bit of author-swiping, snaring him away from a Baltimore publisher by the simple trick of offering to pay Weems for the privilege of publishing his work and paying him a royalty on each book sold instead of asking Weems to advance the money for the printing costs first. In January, 1800, there came to Carey's desk a letter from Weems reading:

> Washington you know is gone! Millions are gaping to read something about him. I am very nearly prime and cocked for 'em. 6 months ago I got myself to collect anecdotes of him. You know I live conveniently for that work. My plan! I give his history sufficiently minute—I accompany him from his start, thro the French & Indian & British or Revolutionary wars, to the President's chair, to the throne in the hearts of 5,000,000 people. I then go on to show that his unparalleled rise and elevation were owing to his Great Virtues. Thus I hold up his Virtues to the imitation of Our Youth. All this I have lined and enlivened with Anecdotes apropos interesting and Entertaining.

That is the sort of author publishers dream of having. Here was an author with a spot-news "natural," *about ready for delivery.*

Well, Weems's "The Life of George Washington with Curious Anecdotes, Equally Honorable to Himself, and Exemplary to His Young Countrymen" sold like wildfire, edition after edition having to be reprinted for years. Thirty years later, a learning-hungry, six-foot-four-inch lad learned that a neighbor had a copy of this famous book. He borrowed it, lay on the floor before the log fire of a log-cabin at nights to read it. One night he stuck it between the chinks of the logs; a heavy rainstorm came up while he was asleep and almost ruined the book. The lad offered to shuck corn for thirty days to keep the book, and did. The lad, of course, was Abraham Lincoln.

Latter-Day Pioneers

"LAND OF THE BURNT THIGH." By Edith Eudora Kohl. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

TWENTY years ago, when the last of the pioneers were proving up on homesteads in South Dakota, that typically American phrase about being able "to take it" had not yet enriched the idiom. Fortunately the quality which it describes existed in all its rugged and wholesome objectivity. For homesteading, with its manifold threats of drought and fire, plagues of insects, plagues of thieves, raised endurance to a virtue of heroic proportion. The two undersized, distinctly frail young women whose adventure Edith Kohl describes in "Land of the Brunt Thigh" possessed that virtue.

The young women were Mrs. Kohl herself and her sister, Ida Mary. Because they were unequal to the ordinary physical demands of farming, the frontier forced them to earn the right to survival through a far greater show of intellectual resolution than was required of the average man. Ida Mary combined the duties of housekeeper, overseer, and school teacher. Edith became the local printer. Gradually they enlarged their services to the community.

This is the background of the story. In the foreground are the homely dramas of resolute men and women beginning life again at sixty-odd; of young men looking for security in a world where rewards were more often withheld than granted; of a rich community life based on the common awareness of how meager each individual's existence must be without the generous and unquestioning cooperation of all the others.

Mrs. Kohl has told this story of South Dakota with a simplicity, a directness, and an understanding of its quietly heroic element which make her book an appealing as well as a significant contribution to the latter-day history of the pioneers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great Irish writer tells his most enchanting story – the story of himself

("PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT" by LORD DUNSANY)

—in the year's surprise autobiography, Lord Dunsany's own story of his extraordinary life . . .

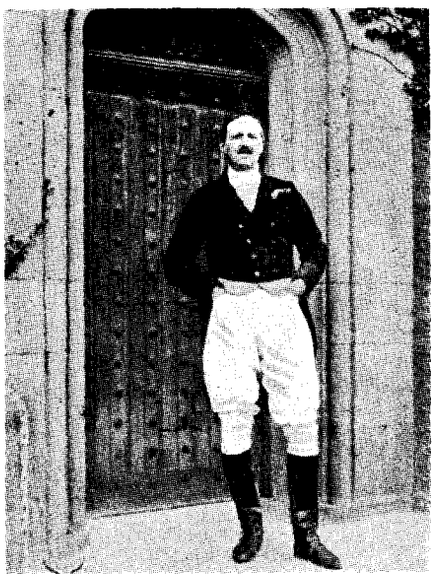
Even among Irishmen, Dunsany is something of a legend. The tales and plays for which he is loved have revealed almost nothing of the man and his life. Now at long last the legend comes to life—in a delightful and intimate autobiography. Here are the memoirs of a roving spirit, a poet's account of a poet's imagination, told in terms of the reality which has fed and fired it. Dunsany the man—soldier, statesman, country gentleman, big game hunter, aristocrat—is no longer a mythical figure. Dunsany the writer remains apart from men.

READ WHAT THE CRITICS SAY:

"Lord Dunsany's autobiography will be a surprise to those who know only his books and will appeal as a highly characteristic document to those who know the author. These are the memoirs of a fox-hunting man, a huntin', shootin', and fishin' fellow with literary talent and a sensitive imagination . . . His best stories (autobiographically speaking) have nothing to do with his position as a literary figure in that galaxy known as the Irish Literary Renaissance . . .

"The juxtaposition of two people in one, a man of imagination and a fashionable sportsman, make up the personality of Lord Dunsany. Both aspects of his character emerge in this book and form a picture which is true to life and not ruffled by arrogant modesty. What Ireland needs is more cricketers like Lord Dunsany."

—Saturday Review of Literature



Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett eighteenth Baron Dunsany

"An autobiography that all students of literature will and must read. Lord Dunsany, who has hitherto been something of a mystery among writing men, has at last here delivered up his life story for the curious. It is a long, rambling, informal tale of boyhood, youth and maturity, full of interesting comments on politics, hunting, the Boer war, travelling, deserts, and what will be more exciting to students, the origins of his plays and stories. As you may have guessed, *Patches of Sunlight* has its patches of purple also, those refined and lyrical rhythms that have made Dunsany's prose an object of stylistic admiration." *—Boston Herald*

"This is a double chronicle, of which both the contemporaneous and the future reader will find most rewarding those pages which trace the evolution of a distinguished and original literary talent. But there is also a curious interest in the author's account of himself as a nobleman and of the circles wherein he moves as such among people like his aunt, who thought it would not be so bad that he wrote books if only he wouldn't publish them, nor that he wrote plays if only he would forbid their public performance . . .

"These strange, jeweled, musically-syllabled chronicles of the land of Pegana, of the River Yann, of the gods Chu-bu and Sheemish, of Durl and Duz and the fair Belzoond . . . hold no deep message, but they offer delight, and no turn of the world is ever likely to dull man's appetite for that. This book that tells how these strange places and creatures took form in Lord Dunsany's prolific fancy makes fascinating reading for all students of letters, and especially for those enamored of the extravagant, the puckish and the weird."

—N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"

"His book has high merit as it takes us behind the scenes . . . If he is discursive at times, and if he leaves a fact and goes off after another like hounds after a fox, it is because he remains the singular Lord Dunsany who once went hunting in the middle of a war, and who while plodding afield for ducks was captured by both sides, and apologized to each. You'll like it." *—The Providence Journal*

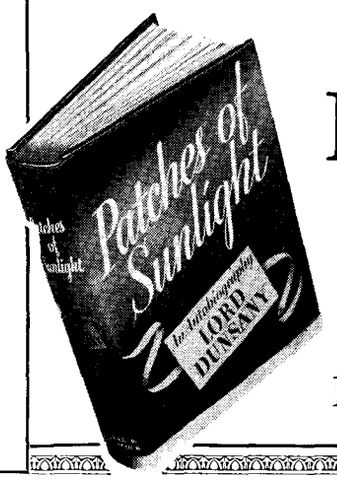
"She is my mistress . . ."

"He tells the pleasant tale of Lady Middleton's footman, who went to Buckingham Palace to receive the Military Cross. Having a permit to bring one other person and having no relatives, the man asked Lady Middleton if she would care to come, and she said she would be delighted. At one of the doors an official took the card and asked: 'What relation is this lady to you?' 'Oh, good gracious. She is no relation,' said the ex-footman. 'Then, what exactly is the connection?' asked the official. 'She is my mistress,' was the answer. 'Oh, we can't have that sort of thing *here*,' said the horrified official . . ."

—from the review in The Saturday Review of Literature

Lord Dunsany's

AUTOBIOGRAPHY



PATCHES *of* SUNLIGHT

With 8 full-page illustrations, $3.00

Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilbur L. Cross

(*Continued from page 4*)

scratching the head of the ticket in return for promises of minor jobs. In some strongly Democratic wards of New Haven, for instance, Cross actually had less votes than there were Democrats. But Colonel Osborn pulled out the vox humana stops in the *Journal-Courier*, and the normally Republican wards went for Cross sufficiently to overcome the effects of Democratic backstabbing. The scholar had barely squeezed into office, much to the surprise of all the machine politicians. His home town of Mansfield, which had been Republican along with the rest of rural Tolland County ever since the Civil War, paid him the compliment of a fourteen-vote local majority. The cost of Governor Cross's campaign was $15,000—a pittance by comparison with what is usually spent by a State machine to elect a governor.

In office Cross has been unspectacular but effective. During his four administrations the State House of Representatives has been Republican, and only twice have the Democrats had a majority over Republicans and Socialists in the State Senate. Nevertheless, the old admirer of the humanitarian Henry Fielding has put through a fine social service program, including a state-wide pension system as security against indigent old age, a restoration of the teachers' retirement fund, and an extension of the State trade schools. The farmers are now pretty much "out of the mud," and the Merritt Parkway, which has been completed from the New York border to Norwalk, has taken automobile commuters out of the tortuous back alleys of Stamford and off the winding, narrow Post Road. A State Reorganization bill, recently passed, gives the Governor great powers over the State budget, which means that many opportunities for graft no longer exist. (The malodorous local Democratic graft in the city of Waterbury and certain real estate scandals in connection with the building of the Merritt Parkway, are none of Cross's responsibility.) The State has run up a $12,000,000 deficit since 1932, but last year the General Fund budget was brought into balance. Centralized purchasing, instituted as part of the general reorganization, has already saved the State some $1,400,000, if Democratic estimates are accurate. As a Yankee, Cross likes "to see where the money is coming from." He is now having his wish, with State income exceeding State outgo. WPA and PWA have, of course, helped take care of Connecticut unemployment. But Cross, as a Yankee, might argue that *national* economic depression is not Connecticut's fault. With fixed amounts from Washington being passed out anyway, Cross would not be true to his Yankee blood if he didn't ask for his State's just share. Even Carter Glass, the most unreconstructed of anti-Rooseveltian southern Democrats, holds to a similar way of thinking for Virginia.

As a governor Cross has not sought the headlines. He is more interested in realities than glory. In other states politicians are frequently glad to make political capital out of employer-worker differences. But Cross thinks publicity an enemy of smooth capital-labor negotiation. Since January of this year some eighty labor disputes have been settled by the Connecticut Board of Mediation and Arbitration without newspaper fanfare. Connecticut has a child labor law and a wage-and-hour act that applies to women and minors. It also has an unemployment insurance law that has already resulted in payments to the unemployed of some ten million dollars. But Cross, who has never developed any class animus, is not satisfied that the Connecticut labor program goes far enough. At one point he enraged local CIO organizers by declaring against the sit-down strike. But generally speaking the Governor enjoys the support of labor —and in Connecticut, which is not a mass-industry State, the A.F. of L. is politically more important than the CIO, anyway.

The canny method of settling disputes without drumming up a publicity that makes for a face-saving intransigence on both sides is also applied by Cross to utility regulation. A State Commission has the power in Connecticut to investigate and to establish rates on its own motion. But the Governor doesn't like to flaunt the Commission's powers; he prefers to go to the utilities and say in effect: "See here, a State investigation will cost everyone money. It will cost the taxpayers money. And it will cost you money when you come to fight our decisions through the courts. Now what I propose is this: We'll let you investigate your own rate structure. I'm sure you can see your way clear to lowering rates, and I'm sure that you can make up the difference by an increase in your volume. Why don't you try it?" Perhaps it would have happened anyway, but both gas and electric light and power rates have come down considerably in Connecticut since 1932. Whether they deserve it or not, Cross has allowed the utilities to take all the credit for a more liberal price policy.

In intra-party fights the Governor has usually had his way simply by refusing to act as a normal politician. Back in 1932 the Democratic party leaders—Tom Spellacy of Hartford, Dave Fitzgerald of New Haven—insisted on renominating Daniel J. Leary of Waterbury for Lieutenant Governor. Cross said no, he wouldn't run again on a ticket with Leary. Pressed for reasons, he could give none: it was a case of "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." There was an uproar, but suddenly the old-line politicians subsided. They had cooked up a scheme to renominate Cross with an implied promise that Leary would not be on the ticket; then they planned to "yield to pressure" and renominate Leary anyway. Kenneth Wynne, the Governor's secretary, suspected the party bosses of a plot, and instead of following out the scheduled order of business and putting Cross in nomination he told the convention that Cross would not be a candidate for governor until the rest of the slate had been chosen. As for Cross, he had disappeared from the hall. He refused to return until Leary had definitely been dropped from the ticket.

The whole business looked whimsical, not to say arbitrary, at the time. But last Winter Leary was one of those indicted on a charge of defrauding the Waterbury taxpayers. The validity of the indictment has been challenged and is now subject to court review.

Governor Cross is already well beyond the three score-and-ten mark, and he can't go on forever. But he seems set for two more years in the Hartford Capitol, at least. As a campaigner Cross has no demagogic tricks, but he takes an obvious pleasure in getting about the State, which makes a good impression on the voters in the case of a man of his age. His speaking doesn't take much out of him; years of the classroom have accustomed him to the platform. He still keeps his undergraduate notes on the political philosophies of Locke and Burke, and they frequently come in handy as a source for quotation. Meetings, provided they don't drag on, do not bore the Governor. "A fast, slow worker," he proceeds with State business at an unhurried pace but in a straight line. He is a long sleeper, which may explain his continuing vitality. A widower for twelve years, the Governor lives at the Hartford Club, but keeps up his home in New Haven. He has two sons and two grandsons. Never a teetotaler, his taste in liquor runs to a light whisky highball. Jasper McLevy, Bridgeport's Socialist mayor and fiscal wizard, may give the mellow, efficient old gentleman a battle for the governorship this November, but it will hardly prove a serious one. For, while McLevy can be counted on to take Left votes from Cross, the Governor has always been able to take a compensating number of liberal votes from the Republican column.

Win or lose, however, Cross will take what comes with a becoming calm. Throughout his eight years as Governor he has kept up his editorship of the *Yale Review*, whose business and decisions of policy he discusses every Saturday with his capable, level-eyed managing editor, Helen McAfee. When he finally quits politics, he will still have the *Review* to look after. And there is always that old book on the novel.

John Chamberlain, a native and part-time resident of Connecticut, is an editor of Fortune, *and the author of "Farewell to Reform."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Complete Musician

MOZART: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By W. J. Turner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. SIMON

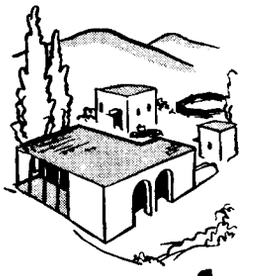
IT is—or it should be—a musical axiom that all grand opera choruses look alike and all biographies of Mozart are eulogies. The rule holds for W. J. Turner's "Mozart: The Man and His Works," but this doesn't mean that Mr. Turner's 458 pages are heavily orchestrated praise of an indisputable genius. No admirer of Mozart (are there any detractors, by the way?) will be disillusioned by Mr. Turner's thoughtful and intelligible examination of the music. It may be, however, that many readers will find a new perspective on Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart himself.

Mr. Turner's contention is that "the nineteenth-century notion of the 'child-like' Mozart, the pure, lovable, naive, innocent genius, is completely at variance with the facts." Mozart, in Mr. Turner's volume, is presented first as the son of his father, the shrewd, practical Leopold. The difference between the two men was that Mozart lacked his father's caution and possessed "a positive quality to a quite inordinate degree—namely, sensibility." And this sensibility is the clue to Mozart, "a wholly superior man, intensely serious, deeply compassionate, almost all-comprehending, with a profound understanding of life and a universal sympathy with human beings that reminds one of Shakespeare and is in distinct contrast to Beethoven and Tolstoy."

This view of Mozart is revealed in a well-built narrative, a narrative founded on the letters of Mozart, his family, and others who knew him. Mr. Turner has a large case to prove, and I think that he demonstrates it thoroughly. He projects Mozart as the complete musician, unegotistically sure of himself; as a tolerant observer of men and women; as a remarkable music critic; as a man of common candor and integrity to whom candor and integrity are extraordinarily ordinary; as one who can suffer from the callousness and stupidity of his fellows, recognizing without bitterness that most of his fellows are callous or stupid. I doubt whether many readers will go through the book without feeling an almost first-hand acquaintance with Mozart. Or without wishing that they could have helped to make things better for him.

En route, there are many philosophic and esthetic discussions, as well as several debates with other writers on Mozart. For instance, there is a judgment on "Cosi fan Tutte" which reads into this opera implications that many of us won't find. One may argue with Mr. Turner, of course; and all readers won't argue about the same things, but as a biography, his book is memorable, important, and, I suspect, a work of permanent value.

This California ranch



is the scene of a novel that is thrilling America!

TO this little frontier fortress, aristocratic Juan Godoy brought blonde-haired Judith Hingham. Though she eagerly ran away for love of this dashing, romantic man, it was sheer New England spunk which kept her by his side throughout the crowded decades when vaquero and miner, trader and fortune-hunter, soldier and politician, Indian and Spanish Don alike fought for the rich spoils of beautiful California.

EAST OF THE GIANTS is the story of how, overwhelmed at first by the shocking crudeness of her new surroundings, Judith Hingham triumphed over rough men and a wild land. As Señora Blanca of Rancho Amarillo, she is a heroine you will long remember—living to the full a woman's exciting life in the "hide and tallow" California that Richard Henry Dana discovered, in the gold-fevered California that Bret Harte knew, and finally in the young, money-made city of San Francisco. She is the full-bodied creation of a master historian and biographer turned novelist. To tell her story, he has steeped himself in this period. In the words of one critic, "you will know him from now on as the author of EAST OF THE GIANTS."

Reviews like these are spreading the good news:

"A new American novelist of major stature has been born . . . I think Judith Hingham is one of the most memorable characters in American fiction . . . She develops before our eyes as a vital, interesting, attractive, capable, and lovable woman . . . A tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner." — **BEN RAY REDMAN,** ***Saturday Review of Literature.***

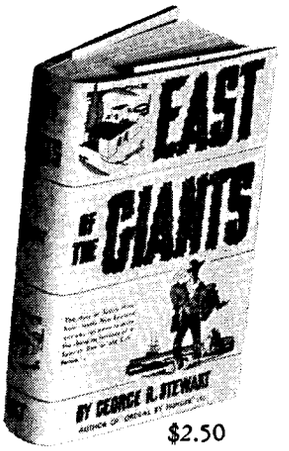
"One of the most satisfying books of its kind since *Northwest Passage.*"—**RALPH THOMPSON,** ***N. Y. Times.***

"For accurate background, for intelligent interpretation, for sheer story value, *East of the Giants* earns high marks . . . Judith Hingham controls the book from beginning to end; it is as though once the author had created her he had not been able to help himself For those who are a bit tired of the 'Ramona' view of early California, it is the best novel yet." —**JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON** ***N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books".***

East OF THE Giants

A novel by
GEORGE R. STEWART
Author of
ORDEAL BY HUNGER, BRET HARTE, etc.

Henry Holt and Company, New York



$2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reading in Czechoslovakia

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

IN view of the Nazi threat to Czechoslovakia's existence, it is only natural that the Czechs should be thinking these days primarily in terms of self-preservation. Small wonder that in these days of crisis Czech literature reflects the dangers in which the Republic lives. Windows of book stores in Prague, Brunn, Bratislava, and other Czechoslovak cities display a profusion of volumes about international politics. Many of these works are in the Czech language, but a surprisingly large number are in German, French, and English. Indeed, Prague's bookstores display nearly all the recent books about Central European affairs which have been published in England and the United States. Some of these books have already been translated into German by Czech publishers, because nearly every citizen of Bohemia and Moravia knows German. But the foreign visitor who prefers to read English can find in the Prague book marts almost any new book on international affairs. That is, unless they have all been sold. A recent visit to Topic, one of the largest stores in Prague, proved that some of the recent books dealing with the *Drang nach Osten* were out of stock. The proprietor assured me that he would have more copies on hand in a few days.

But not even the sale of gas-masks and the erection of air-raid sirens on every important street corner turned the Czechs completely away from interest in literature. There is a steady demand for the works of such Czech authors as Karel Capek, Josef Knap, Frantisek Krelina, Vladislav Vancura, and Bozena Benesova. While the "Rome of the North" waited for the droning bombers of General Goering's air armada to shower death and destruction on Prague's peaceful baroque scene, Czechs were buying the folklorist and ruralist works of Knap. Or they read the visionary poetry of Jaroslav Durych or the mystical writings of Jan Cep. Those who wish to get a broad perspective of world affairs before the fateful year of 1914 are finding valuable material in "The Cultural History of Mankind," by Madame Sarecka-Radonova.

"At the Cross Roads of Europe" is an historical symposium by six authors who set out to explain the democratic philosophy of the Czechoslovak state. Karel Capek, V. Chaloupecky, J. L. Hromadka, F. Hruby, A. Prazak, and F. Peroutka are the writers who prepared this volume for the Sixteenth International Congress of the P. E. N. clubs which was held last June in Prague. In his contribution to the book Dr. Capek observes that Czechoslovakia has been rather neglected in the world press, because there is little news value in dispatches from a country where peace and democracy are the order of the day. Foreign readers, he feels, turn to news from other countries where there is more sensational material for journalism. But much has happened in Europe since Dr. Capek wrote his part of this book.

At the P. E. N. Congress held at Prague in June Dr. Kamil Krofta, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, welcomed the two hundred delegates from more than a score of countries. These foreign visitors included such distinguished writers as Jules Romains of France and H. G. Wells of England. One significant resolution of the Congress affirmed that literature must be above politics, that it must enjoy freedom of expression, and that it must serve to promote international understanding. The resolution was ipso facto a rebuke to the totalitarian policies of the Third Reich.

But resolutions alone cannot save a country menaced by the new Brown-Shirt imperialism. The Czechs have been striving to convince the French and British that a German attack on Czechoslovakia is, in reality, an attack on all Europe. A booklet which sets out to prove this contention was recently published by the well-known Orbis company of Prague. The author is Colonel Emanuel Moravec, Professor in the High School of War in Czechoslovakia.

Colonel Moravec claims that the fate of Europe will be decided in Czechoslovakia. He reiterates Bismarck's statement that "Whoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe." Colonel Moravec tells us: "In 1866, it was demonstrated that whoever is master of Bohemia has also a free road to the middle Danube via the Gateway of Moravia."

Colonel Moravec says that "As soon as Czechoslovakia were overthrown the Danubian basin would become a basis for German offensives in three directions: against Italy, against the Balkans, and against Poland and Soviet Russia." In regard to France, he writes: "If Czechoslovakia should fall, France would find herself on the European periphery." As for Britain, he maintains that no nation would be affected more adversely by the disappearance of Czechoslovakia than the British Empire.

Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The German Octopus," returned on September 26 from a tour of Czechoslovakia and other countries of Central Europe.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FASHION IN SHROUDS *Margery Allingham* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Murders of knight and extra-marital sweetie in super-posh London circles involve Albert Campion in platinum web of silken deviltry.	Runs gamut of colorful scenes—from swank gown shops to noisome dives—with scintillating talk, expert sleuthing, and explosive finish.	Campion *in excelsis!*
A BLUNT INSTRUMENT *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Philandering Britisher brutally bopped. Amiable Insp. Hannasyde and mixed-pickle assistants run ragged by antics of suspects.	Double fracture of mystery story ethics only goes to show that if you're good you can get away with—murder.	Brilliant
THE CROOKED HINGE *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Arrival of claimant for English estate followed pronto by death of incumbent. Dr. Fell, fortunately near by, spots uncanny killer.	Witchcraft, a malevolent automaton, and an inexplicable killing seen by several at close range keep brain buzzing and hackles rising.	Dash out and get it
THE CHRISTMAS TREE MURDERS *Joel Y. Dane* (Crime Club: $2.)	Strange demise of unimportant strike-picket starts big-time crime a-moverin' and drives Sergeant Cass Harty almost plumb nuts.	"Class-angle" of crimes capitally handled. Weapon a new one and Harty is tough, relentless, and a pleasure to follow.	Good
THE FOUR OF HEARTS *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Honeymooning Hollywood luminaries drink poisoned cocktails in airplane and Ellery Queen does some acute deducing.	Intricate plot and torrid action, with surprising and thrillful finish, ride over Hollywood patter at its lushest.	Excellent
THE KILLER *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Rich Vermonter summons far-flung siblings to apportion his wealth. Sib, secretary, and donor, die—with Fleming Stone on spot.	Multiplicity of nieces, nephews, etc., confuses plot—author, too—but tale has typical Wellsian finish, suspense, and ebulliency.	Wells No. 48
TERROR BY NIGHT *Lee Crosby* (Dutton: $2.)	Prehistoric monster on rampage kills two in American college town. Amateur sleuth Hazard scents modern motives behind antediluvian didoes.	Well concocted and super-goose-pimply mixture of mystery and terror, with almost unbelievable truth revealed by clever investigator.	Worthwhile

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Streamlined Jungles

SKY ROAMING ABOVE TWO CONTINENTS. By Harry A. Franck. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

GLOBE-TROTTING vagabonds may take notice, with the issuance of this volume, that Harry Franck, the dean of them all, has signalled the close of an era by abandoning saddle and shoe-leather for airplane passage. Of course, some may say that he is merely growing old and less willing to give up his comforts than formerly, but there is more to it than that. Where, a few years ago in Latin America, he found only jungle trails, today he finds, beside airplanes, highways, speeding automobiles, gas-stations, and motorcycle police. The one short muleback journey which is recorded in this, the twentieth volume of his travels, was undertaken over the protests of a Honduranean taxi-driver who had muscled in on what was until recently exclusively mule territory. Civilized standards, and with them civilized standardization, have been spreading at an accelerating pace over most of the primitive world, and even in the American tropics the pedestrian is on his way out. Consequently, while Veteran Franck keeps his usual cheerful manner, there is an undertone of wistfulness in his latest narrative. His observation that "when all the world becomes but a replica of home, travel will be a vain occupation" sounds like the prelude to a swan-song, or an addendum to Ecclesiastes.

This volume, instead of blazing a new way through the wilderness for armchair adventurers, like its predecessors, blazes an already well beaten track for the airplane tourists who are swarming into the Caribbean area in increasing numbers. It is, essentially, a guide-book, reminding the traveler of what he has seen or introducing him to what he is about to see. Such informal and personal narrative-guides to Middle America, the Spanish Main, and the West Indies have lately been appearing in numbers, but this is superior to the run of them because it is written by a man whose previous experience has given him a proper perspective and taught him to detach the significant detail from the mass of his impressions. Stopping over at Mexico City, he has to grub in the outskirts for evidences of the ancient Indian life, but he finds them. In Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the other Central American Republics his observation is trained especially on the distinctive national temperaments, which persist despite the steam-roller. In each country he notes, however, the social upheaval that is modifying the manners and usages inherited from feudal Spain, replacing them with the freedom, equality, and informality of post-war America. This is the book for all those who contemplate taking the increasingly popular *grand tour* of the Caribbean, and for all those who have taken it and failed to keep diaries. The lone vagabond, having helped to pave the way, now joins the multitudes over the old trails.

Mr. Halle is the author of "Trans-Caribbean" and "Birds against Men."

A novel of family life, at its most important moment, by the author of "National Velvet"

Enid Bagnold

This is a story of the great adventure of bringing another human being into life. The moment William Lyon Phelps read the book, he telegraphed the publishers: "A very remarkable novel with original and profound thought . . . grace and beauty of style . . . full of vitality . . . a first-rate story of irresistible appeal to intelligent readers.

"It has depth and simplicity and tranquility on the edge of the volcano of life." — *Rachel Field*

"It touches the core of the miracle." — *Louise Redfield Peattie*

"She tells a story as no other woman writer of our time." — *Charles A. Wagner, Mirror*

"The children are, like those of 'National Velvet,' convincing and different." — *Blanche Colton Williams*

"She succeeds in reminding the reader of experiences emotional and important which have become encrusted with the later experiences of living." — *Helen Hull*

The Door of Life

Just out!...$2.50 at all bookstores

. . . *and published by Morrow*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Opposition

SPEAKING FROM VERMONT. By George D. Aiken. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

AT last winter's Lincoln Day dinner in New York Governor Aiken of Vermont delivered some remarks which were coldly received by his fellow Republicans, but seemed to some less partisan observers about the most sense that had lately been talked in American politics. At a time when the administration seems unable to think of anything but more shots in the arm, a good many Americans of all parties and no party would like to hear more from such a man. Now Governor Aiken sets forth his views on national problems in a book which one finishes with a blend of respect and disappointment. Here is a man of good will, intelligence, and balance who is undoubtedly a good Governor of one of the smaller and less complex states; but his remedies for the ailments of the nation sound like prescriptions that would work well in Vermont. His book is a picture of an old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat brought up to date, which strengthens the conviction that even a streamlined Jeffersonian Democracy is no longer the answer.

Nominally, of course, Governor Aiken is a Republican; but he is a pretty poor one. He knows why his party was thrown out in 1932 and kept out in 1936. In an open letter to the Republican National Committee he advises them (in vain, of course) to "accept in general the social aims which the opposing party has had the wisdom to adopt, but has lacked the ability to put into efficient operation." He wants something that will work and does not care who gets the credit, if it does work. He has said that it is foolish to waste time hating Roosevelt; on which a correspondent wrote him that he was aggravating the unemployment problem, since a lot of people had nothing else to do but hate Roosevelt. He has only contempt for the coupon clippers who say that men on relief don't want to work; he doesn't think much of WPA and sees the political dangers in the dependence of millions of voters on government employment, but he says the great majority of them would rather be doing something else if there were anything else to do, and that "they will again vote for the party that offers handouts unless there is some other alternative." It is only when he comes to sketching the alternative that Mr. Aiken begins to be unconvincing.

He distrusts centralization and regimentation; so in all likelihood do the great majority of Americans. That the affairs of a nation so extensive and diverse should be handled locally as far as possible is good politics and good sense; but how far is possible? Governor Aiken's account of the successful resistance of Vermont to the invasion of the Resettlement Administration is an amusing story and a convincing argument, so far as Vermont is concerned. The Resettlement people (whose good intentions he concedes) found a good many Vermonters living on mountain farms which looked submarginal, and proposed to move them out; only to find that those mountain farmers were satisfied with the sort of living they made, and would not move. Fair enough. But in discussing nation-wide agriculture he admits that "we have a problem of what is to become of these farms that are no longer profitable."

A farmer himself, Governor Aiken speaks with most authority on the farm problem, and thinks very poorly of present efforts to meet it. That an extension of farm coöperatives, with as little compulsory regulation as possible, would help a great deal, is doubtless true; but again, how much is "possible"? Instead of crop control he favors the domestic allotment plan; but how much likelihood is there that the foreign market would absorb the surplus, and what would be done with the surplus if it did not? Governor Aiken recognizes that though the domestic market for farm products could be greatly improved by industrial prosperity, there is a limit to how much the American people can eat; and very soundly advises the farmers to look ahead to wider industrial utilization of raw materials from the farm. But that is going to take time. Meantime policies for which Secretary Wallace once apologized as emergency measures seem to have become permanent; the only question is whether the emergency is not permanent too.

For the industrial problems of the nation Mr. Aiken recommends coöperation and good will; so would most people. He is in favor of collective bargaining with a vigor that ensures his never getting many votes in a Republican National Convention; but he thinks that the government should not take sides in controversies between labor groups or between employers and employees. In theory perhaps it should not; but the practical experience of economic realities shows that unless it does there will not be much collective bargaining. As to government relations with business, "business should be comparatively unregulated" but "of course bad practices should be put out of existence," and it is the duty of business "to meet more than half way the honest overtures of an honest government." But there is some difference of opinion as to what practices are bad; and a great many businessmen, in all sincerity, would not believe in the honesty of any government which did not run the country in the interests of business, as those interests were interpreted in the days of Coolidge.

These observations will have a melancholy interest for the very numerous Americans who are for Roosevelt only by default; who, like Governor Aiken, approve the objectives of the administration but wish somebody could make them work. There are a good many Republicans whose position is substantially the same as Governor Aiken's; one of them is named Alf M. Landon. The spirit and presuppositions of Aiken's book, even more than its program, will evoke reminiscences in those who saw Landon's supporters at the Cleveland convention in 1936—small-town people from one of the less complex states, who were used to problems at home that could be solved by hard work and good intentions, and thought the problems of the nation could be solved as easily. That seems doubtful, but at any rate they never had the chance to try; for as soon as the Landon movement became a nationally advertised commodity the big boys (and some who only thought they were big boys) moved in on it, and the fresh, candid simplicity of its beginnings was lost in what Governor Aiken calls a "fog of uncertainty, distrust, and expediency."

There seems little prospect that any fresh movements of the same sort in the principal opposition party would have any better luck—at least so it looks in New York. Ridiculous as it seems in a nation of a hundred and thirty million people, Mr. Roosevelt will go on getting a good deal of support by default.

HERBALS

By AGNES ARBER $7.50

Herbals—delightful picture books—have botanical, artistic, and medical importance, and a history going back to Greece.

Mrs Arber, after a lifetime of study of Herbals, describes those printed between 1470 and 1670.

A new edition of a classic book, enlarged and redesigned, with 27 plates and 131 line-facsimiles.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
MACMILLAN

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 236)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—"IOLANTHE"

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell
The House of Peers throughout the War
Did nothing in particular
And did it very well;
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Belles Lettres

KEATS AS DOCTOR AND PATIENT. By Sir William Hale-White, K.B.E. Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.

This little volume contains all the facts we know, or are likely to know, about Keats's medical training and his fatal illness. No single discovery dominates the book; yet it needed to be written because of errors that have persisted even down to the present decade. Amy Lowell erred radically in dating the inception of the poet's final illness; more recent critics have refused decent burial to the legend that the *Quarterly* killed Keats. Sir William Hale-White does not argue; he merely discloses the evidence. Where it is conclusive, he says so; where it is sketchy, he indicates common-sense possibilities. No romantic theories clutter his text; no journalistic tricks step up the reader's emotion. Yet close beneath the author's professional reticence lies an unspoken reverence implied by his meticulous attention to the smallest scrap of information relating to Keats's attendance at Guy's Hospital, where Sir William is now consulting physician. The book is somewhat rigidly written, but its lack of stylistic ease is offset by its structural virtues of perfect order and clarity.

A. C.

Fiction

LITTLE STEEL. A Novel. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

It is easy to see why Mr. Sinclair is one of the most popular interpreters of America to Europe; he sees everything in straight lines and flat colors, but he has the qualities of his defects. So when it comes to dramatizing an episode like last year's steel strike, in which there is little room for the finer shadings, he turns out a swift and lucid story. If his characters are two-dimensional, that makes them easier to understand, especially for foreigners who may feel that here at last is a comprehensible America.

Whether Americans agree is likely to depend on their political-economic slant. Virtually all the incidents of "Little Steel," except of course for the chapters that deal purely with personalities, can be confirmed from the newspapers or evidence unearthed by the LaFollette Committee; but as one of Mr. Sinclair's characters observes, "the interpretations are the essence of the facts." A reviewer whose interpretations happen to agree with the author's enjoyed the book more than members of Chambers of Commerce would be likely to. Yet even conservative industrialists might derive edification, if not amusement, from the story of how Walter Judson Quayle, president of the Valleyville Steel Company, was taken for a ride by Joyce & Baker, industrial counselors; who not only saved him from the Red menace (at his own expense) but understood and cashed in on "the art of creating what is called glamor, the art of making the rich seem important to themselves, and what they did and said seem unique and distinctive."

When the strike was over, Quayle had had enough of that sort of thing, and of his family; so he got away from it all in the company of one Clum Jinkins, traveling tinker and handy man. Since this book is a moral tract, Quayle eventually had to try to educate himself about what is happening in America; but he enjoyed Clum's company. So will the reader; and so apparently did the author, since he devotes about half the book to their adventures. One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Sinclair, too, wanted to get away from it all, and indulged in a little literature of escape.

E. D.

ON PEGASUS HE RODE. By Richard Blaker. Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

The author of "Here Lies a Beautiful Lady" has once more built up a lovable character in staccato sentences and small revealing episodes. The central character, Kenneth Cresswell, is a retired British major without anyone to take him places, and the story is nothing more than his career as a drunkard. Not Pegasus, but White Horse, was his trouble. Of course it would be possible to make a good novel out of a man's struggles to stop drinking whisky; but when you scent such a novel with lavender and garnish it with old lace, you destroy the force of the situation, which would be its chief merit.

Mr. Blaker succeeds in giving his hero charm; but he cannot make the reader see why Cresswell seems to his creator important. Similarly, it is clear that Cresswell's struggles have for Mr. Blaker considerable emotional significance; yet the reader does not understand what it is that drives Cresswell to drink. Without a motivation for his drinking, the plot is merely a series of small recurrent crises, leading down to the crashing anti-climax of the major's final recovery. Not only are plot and hero unsatisfactory; there are also numerous minor confusions which show how imperfectly the author has thought out his book.

As a study in weakness, the book is superficially successful; as a romance—and that is what Mr. Blaker tries to sell it for—it is dismal.

K. S.

THE WINDBREAK. By Garreta Busey. Funk & Wagnalls. 1938. $2.50.

This is the story of Hugh Brundage, an Illinois farm boy, born exactly in the middle of the last century. In 1863, when "The Windbreak" begins, central Illinois was a sparsely settled, wide open prairie. The first railroad was being built through that section, and crossroads villages that would some day be cities were still crossroads villages. People who, like the Brundages, lived on a farm, had a much harder time of it than people who lived in town, and they were very often lonely, but the

HARPER & BROTHERS
ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE PUBLICATION OF
A NEW NOVEL BY

Richard Hughes

IN HAZARD

Mr. Hughes has written only two novels: one was "The Innocent Voyage" ("A High Wind in Jamaica") published nine years ago, swept up in a storm of praise, and recognized today as a classic in its field; the other is his new novel "In Hazard," the story of a hurricane. In England "In Hazard" is a sensation. Its publication in America is unquestionably the most eagerly awaited literary event of the year. $2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country was young and there was an enormous amount of room everywhere. If you worked hard and got along well with your neighbors, there was no telling what might happen. You might, like Hugh's father, accumulate hundreds of acres of land, and be elected to the state legislature. Or if you had no political ambitions you could, with any luck at all, save enough money to move into town.

At thirteen Hugh was a tall, rawboned youngster with grey eyes set in a square solemn face. He was expected to do a man's work on the farm and he did, most of the time. With his father's cast-off jack knife he could carve animals out of wood. Of all Hugh's adolescent fears the greatest was that his father would find the carvings and make fun of them. The fear was not unfounded. Gideon Brundage, a harsh, unpredictable, sometimes violent man, fought for Hugh against the president of the railroad, but he was the sternest of fathers and would have spoiled his son, if it had been possible; if Hugh hadn't grown and grown, quietly, until at last he was strong enough to rebel against violence, injustice, and unpredictability.

By a natural enough coincidence, while Hugh was growing up, the countryside grew up with him. Miss Busey's novel is really as much concerned with one as it is with the other, and it carries them both past their growing pains into the period of their maturity. "The Windbreak" is an intelligent, warm-hearted book, almost as interesting as Americana as it is from the point of view of fiction. Readers who know the Illinois countryside will be impressed most of all, we think, by Miss Busey's feeling for that part of the country, for the light and the landscape, and for the weather, and by the way she has released it in frequent flashes of beauty.

W. M.

History

ENGLAND: BEFORE AND AFTER WESLEY. By J. Wesley Bready. Harpers. 1938. $3.50.

That John Wesley and the Evangelic Revival which he inspired exerted most beneficent influences both morally and socially upon the eighteenth century and succeeding ages no man in his senses would seek to deny. That the spirit of Methodism was responsible for all the humanitarianism, nearly all the social reforms, and the whole progressive idealism of the nineteenth century, that the Wesleyan conscience is not only the most important but almost the sole creator of all that is good in twentieth century institutions and thought, is a thesis that requires for its support the single-mindedness, not to say the blindness, of the fanatic. Dr. Bready is not a fanatic. He is an exceedingly industrious historian who has allowed his desire to extol the fruits of Wesley's work to get the better of his judgment. Stirred to passionate praise by the real and certainly admirable accomplishments of Methodism, he has seen its hand alone in every moral triumph of the last hundred and fifty years. It is this taint of exaggeration that mars an otherwise useful and valuable book.

This is, perhaps, ungrateful criticism of a book which has many merits. It pictures the religious and social degeneracy of the Walpolean Era with a firmness and an accuracy that are devastating; it makes stirring drama out of the advent of Wesley's preaching and recites with compelling animation the record of spiritual advances to which that preaching led; it celebrates with righteous fervor the impact of emotional religion upon the stolid, self-satisfied complacency of Georgian England, and the far-reaching consequences of a people's genuine conversion. It glorifies what must always be one of the most impressive movements in history, but excessive zeal, strident indignation at the too temperate approval of other historians, and an over-indulgence in unnecessary argument obscure its basic truth and detract from its authenticity.

C. D. A.

Miscellaneous

SHIPS AND SAILORS. By William H. Clark. Page. 1938. $3.50.

This volume in the "American Cavalcade" series is accurately subtitled "The Story of Our Merchant Marine," if it be understood that "story" here means what the word usually does in connection with a book on some general subject—a rather brief, entertaining, popular conspectus, correct in its details as far as constant generalizations will permit. There have been several similar works on the same subject before; and it is a little difficult to find much difference between them and the present volume, which repeats both their excellences and their errors. The former consist of a good style and some well-told stories; the latter are of small details, and more seriously, of proportion. It is perhaps reasonable that the merchant marine of the lakes and rivers should receive the sketchiest kind of treatment; their history belongs in a different kind of book. It is also not surprising that the excellent work of the Pacific marine in the early days of steam should be forgotten; the subject has not been much investigated. But it is surprising and not very reasonable of any author writing about ships since the publication of Chapelle's "American Sailing Ships" to persist in that excessively New England point of view which has become traditional, and so seriously to neglect the story of the Baltimore clipper, which was America's greatest contribution to naval architecture. And it is rather an error of proportion to lay so much stress as does Mr. Clark on the privateers of the Revolution, which influenced the war very slightly, and so little on those of 1812, which practically won that conflict.

F. P.

In the October issue of

POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Eight New Poems

by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

and important work by

MALCOLM COWLEY, STEPHEN SPENDER, KENNETH FEARING *and others*

$3 a Year

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:

5 Months' Trial Subscription for $1

232 East Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for fall and winter vacations. Good food. Reasonable rates.

AN EVOLUTIONARY PHILOSOPHY. A constructive substitute for antiquated theology. A concrete analysis of beliefs held by many Review readers. A system of ethics based upon the present as the most dependable era of revelation. 5 cents. The Arbitrator, 114 E. 31.

D. H. LAWRENCE, First Editions and 2 long autograph letters, 68 superb items for sale in one lot to highest bidder. Write for list. Box 910-C.

"DON'T SNORE," simple device for snorers and mouth-breathers. $1.00. Satisfaction or refund. S. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

16—DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS—$1.00 postpaid. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse.

CORRESPONDENCE Clearing-House for the intellectually marooned. NOT for Lonely Hearts. Box 1267, San Francisco.

AUTUMN COLORING NOW. Weekend in harvest days at our restful country home. The Farm on the Hill R.R.3, Kingston, N. Y.

THE SERENITY WHICH BLASTED from the world in 1914 can be brought back alive to you if you will write to the Argus Book Shop and ask them to send you a copy of Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE, the edition deluxe, illustrated by Randolph Schwabe, autographed by both artist and author. A $20.00 book for only $6.95. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP INC., 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS: RUGGLES FOUNDATION, 262 South Prospect Street, Burlington, Vermont, Near University of Vermont, overlooking Lake Champlain, the Green and Adirondack Mountains. Residence for Retired Women Teachers of refinement. All comfort of modern homes. Permanent residents preferred. Endowment makes moderate rates possible. References required. Further information furnished on request.

FOR SALE: Mahogany dropleaf dining table—circa 1760. Interesting historical association. No dealers. Box 932-C.

WILL clever free lance short-short story writer collaborate with artist special stunt dividing profits when made? Box 933-C.

EXPERT MALE TYPIST, stenographer; B. A.; experienced editor, proofreader, writer. Knows books and music. References. Go anywhere. Box 934-C.

LANIER, ELIOT, MAINE. On the Piscataquis, ten miles from the sea, a cottage Inn offers rest. Comfort within, beauty without. Oil furnace, sunny rooms and baths, best home cooking. Broad fields, wooded groves. Beautiful walks and drives. $25 up a week. Tel. Portsmouth 684-J. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Lanier.

SULTANIC PLEASURES from Indian-Turkish-Pipe. Carved Briar Bowl. Artglass Water Container. $1.00. Wickaboag, Warren, Mass.

YOUNG WOMAN, PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE, desires position receptionist-stenographer. References. Box 885-C.

SEAGOING RADIO OPERATOR, now afloat, desires opportunitous berth in N. Y. C. Has slight stenographic experience, is extremely adaptable. Due N. Y. end of October. Box 938-C.

GIRL, 23, M.A. in Psychology; 2 years' University teaching; wants practically any kind of job. Adaptable, amiable, ambitious. References. L. L., 7024 E. Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPEAN WOMAN, graduate experience, teacher Russian, German; formal lessons, conversation. Translating. Box 929-C.

MANHATTAN BUSINESS GIRL, in thirties, recovering from nervous strain, seeks at nominal salary full-time or part-time routine job. City, country, office, home, what have you? College training, typing, shorthand, correspondence, bookkeeping, willingness to do anything. Box 930-C.

TEMPO, literary quarterly of discovery. Autumn edition now published. Short story prize winners announced. Single copies, 25c; one-year subscriptions, $1. 137 Pulteney Street, Geneva, New York.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions for any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department E. W., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, N. Y.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, 80 FOURTH Avenue, invites you to browse among their interesting stock of over 500,000 used books. If you cannot call, write for catalogue. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue.

The ARGUS bargain packet, prefaced by an original poem by Christopher Morley, listing famous books, infamous books, tall books, small books, thick books, thin books, first editions, rare editions, fine editions, all at bargain prices, will be sent free to all interested book lovers. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue (56th). New York's only French Bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French Publisher. Catalogue 20c (stamps). Wholesale-Retail. Mail-orders, information, prompt.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITER'S WORKSHOP. Literary Agent. Books, stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, and radio scripts criticized and marketed. Ghost-writing, editing, and typing. The WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

PROFESSIONAL editors offer specific critical help, editing all manuscripts. Letitia S. Pendleton, Maria Leach, 17 East 96th Street, N. Y.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS SOLD. Intelligent, personal assistance for publication. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, editing, revision. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

STORIES, MANUSCRIPTS, VERSE, BOOKS criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. MARANATHA BUILDERS, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

I CRITICIZE MANUSCRIPTS. Blanche London, 15 Christopher Street, New York.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

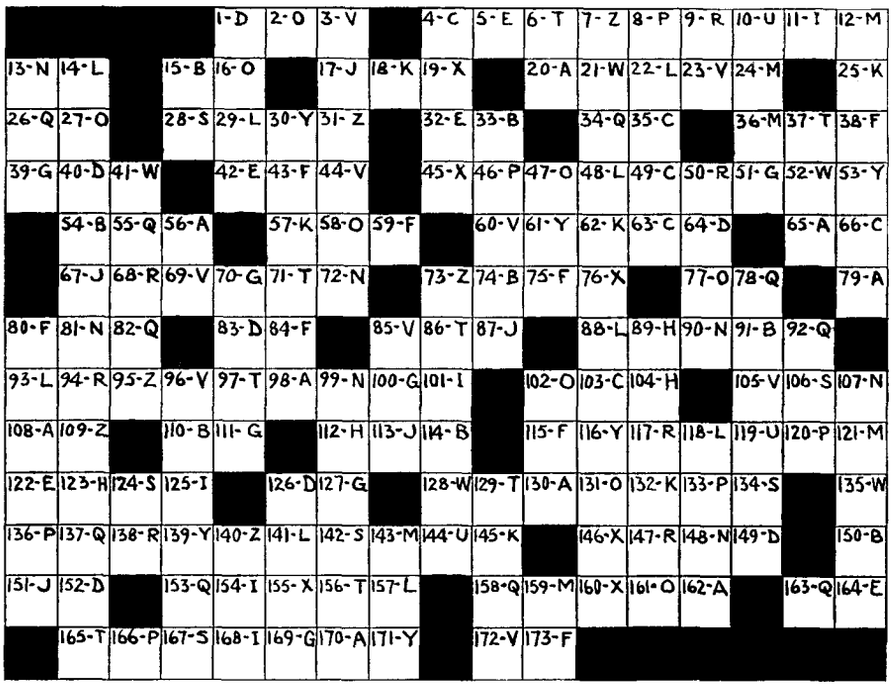
GENERAL

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS. In or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

FIRST EDITION LIST NOW AVAILABLE. Books in fine condition. Reduced prices. BENDAY BOOKS, 84—4th Avenue, New York.

Double-Crostics: No. 237

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Character in "Hard Times."
B. Block up, obstruct.
C. Famous island of Grecian mythology.
D. King Arthur's fool.
E. Finns.
F. House to which Romeo belonged.
G. Angel of music (Moham. myth.).
H. Character in "Romola."
I. Raucous; rough in tone.
J. Hebrew letter.
K. Goddess of love (Babylon. relig.).
L. State in United States.
M. Chant.
N. Father of James and John (Bib.).
O. Second wife of Edgar, English King (959-975).
P. Idea; general conception.
Q. American author (1860-1938) (full name).
R. Laden.
S. Albeit; even if.
T. Greeks.
U. Greek letter.
V. Swimming game bird.
W. Card game of Spanish origin.
X. Character in "Ivanhoe."
Y. Shallow sound or lake.
Z. Stupid, unreasonable person (colloq.).

WORDS

79 108 130 56 20 98 65 170 162
15 33 74 110 91 54 150 114
63 103 4 49 35 66
64 83 40 126 149 152 1
164 32 42 122 5
115 75 173 84 80 38 43 59
169 111 100 39 127 51 70
112 123 104 89
154 11 101 168 125
67 113 87 17 151
132 145 18 57 25 62
141 157 88 118 48 93 14 29 22
121 143 24 159 12 36
81 107 90 148 72 13 99
27 161 16 77 58 131 102 47 2
120 166 46 136 8 133
78 158 92 55 153 163 137 84 82 26
138 9 68 94 117 147 50
124 106 167 142 134 28
86 97 165 156 71 37 129 6
144 10 119
105 23 85 3 44 96 172 60 69
52 135 128 41 21
160 155 146 19 76 45
30 116 171 61 139 53
31 73 95 7 109 140

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Rainy Day"
An Original Lithograph Offered by Thomas Benton

Signed, Original

ETCHINGS and LITHOGRAPHS

by 58 Great American **ARTISTS**

. . . NOW ONLY $5 EACH!

FIFTY-EIGHT of America's most distinguished artists have contributed one or more of their representative works to a new movement designed to stimulate nation-wide interest in fine art. Lovers of fine etchings and lithographs are thus offered a rare opportunity to obtain genuine, signed originals at a small fraction of their regular price. Among the artists contributing are Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, Eugene Higgins, John Steuart Curry, Doris Lee!

JOHN STEUART CURRY

Whose oils and lithographs are hanging in the world's greatest museums. See Catalogue for biographical data and originals offered.

Every work is in mint condition and guaranteed to be of museum quality. Plate sizes average 8 by 11 inches. Framing sizes never less than 14 by 18 inches. Editions are strictly limited. Included among the current group are many recent prize-winners.

Over 50 prominent museums and art galleries have already obtained additions to their permanent collections from this same group. Each bears the artist's signature and comes matted. Subjects embrace a wide variety of marine, landscape, sporting, nature and character studies — in techniques ranging from the finest of the classics to the most desirable of the moderns.

GRANT WOOD

Who enjoys an unique position in international art. His great craftsmanship has gained many honors.

If not delighted, you may return your selection at any time within 30 days, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SEND FOR THIS FREE CATALOGUE

Illustrates every subject offered (over 135) giving biography of artist's career and awards; size of each plate. Explains reasons for new art movement, and why price is kept at only $5 each, regardless of selection. Shows how to order by mail. USE COUPON BELOW. Assoc.ated American Artists, Studio 2310, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Some of the 58 Great Artists Participating

Peggy Bacon
Thomas Benton
Alexander Brook
George Biddle
John Costigan
John Steuart Curry
Adolf Dehn
Eugene Higgins
Irwin Hoffman
Joe Jones
Doris Lee
Luigi Lucioni
Raphael Soyer
Grant Wood

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 2310
420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Catalogue illustrating the original etchings and lithographs offered at only $5.00 each, by 58 distinguished artists, together with plate sizes; artists' biographies. I enclose 10c to cover costs of postage and handling.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

EXAMPLE of what the *New Yorker* calls Utter Confusion, the following by Helen Worden in the *World-Telegram:*—"Mrs. Sprague doesn't look in the least like a woman who would read Walt Whitman. She has a pleasant face untouched by powder or make-up, gray hair conservatively dressed, speaks with a crisp, clear New England intonation." ☞Old Q. will give Miss Worden a Random House copy of Walt if she'll tell us what a Whitman reader is supposed to look like. ☞Helen Mack of Lippincott's was telling us she'd been amused by the period flavor of *The Leavenworth Case,* and revived our curiosity about this celebrated old book (published in 1878) which we dimly remembered from childhood. Plowing through some of it we found it almost an all-time high in rococo. The two beautiful Leavenworth girls, always referred to as "the fairest ornaments of New York society," have beautiful bosoms which are perpetually "heaving." Whether Mr. Harwell, the private secretary, was the criminal we don't know; we doubt if we shall press on beyond 100 pp. But he ought to be: this is how he talks on the witness stand:—"Thinking that in his various visits there, he had learned much which, if known to the American people, would conduce to our better understanding of the nation, its peculiarities, and the best manner of dealing with it, he has been engaged for some time in writing a book on the subject, which same it has been my business for the last eight months to assist him in preparing, by writing at his dictation three hours out of the twenty-four, the last hour being commonly taken from the evening, say from half-past nine to half-past ten, Mr. Leavenworth being a very methodical man and accustomed to regulate his own life and that of those about him with almost mathematical precision." ☞Teachers of English can cut that out for their classes as a perfect example of the Languid and Loitering Participle. ☞More to our taste is a detective yarn written by one of the Trade, *Craine's First Case,* a witty and ingenious outrage (in Brooklyn) by Eugene P. Healy who sells books for Henry Holt and Co. ☞Old Q. is a schollard in his moments and enjoys *The Elizabethan Sonnet Sequences* by Lisle Cecil John (Columbia University Press). This is an attentive study of the conventional "conceits" used by the poets of that age—and, for that matter, by all poets whenever. We like Miss John's classification of sixteenth century conventional Love Symptoms: sleeplessness, wasting in despair, protest against absence, comparisons drawn from natural history, envying the lady's mirror, and hope of making her immortal. ☞Wasting in despair is the only one of these that seems to have gone out of fashion. Is there any longer the kind of Love once described as Hopeless?

☞The Book and Magazine Guild begins its educational courses October 24; registration is now open (239 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.) ☞A new course in Principles of Book Publishing, under the direction of Duane Berry of E. P. Dutton & Co. It will be a survey of the various phases of the publisher's work, described by active participants. The first lecture, October 27, by Donald Klopfer and Lillian Lustig; at later meetings will be discussed:—Manufacturing, by Blaise Recca (Dutton); Advertising, by Alan Green (Green-Brodie); Promotion, by Doris Schneider (Longmans Green); Sales, by Marshall McClintock (Vanguard); Textbooks, by James Reid (Harcourt, Brace). ☞Other interesting courses are described in the Guild's folder which can be had on application. ☞It wasn't until the recent Crisis that we knew there's a Czechoslovak Bookshop here in N. Y., at 1363 First Avenue. We imagine that most readers have a natural sympathy for the Czechs just now: if the shop has something special that would fit into our Christmas List we hope they'll let us know. ☞Oxford University Press announces a mint new Map of Czechoslovakia showing all the racial enclaves and disputed regions; quick work. ☞Best misprint of the week: caption in the *Journal-American* under a photo of troops entering Sudetenland. "This calvary unit of Hitler's advance guard. . . ."

☞Norton and Knopf are profitably paying each other mutual compliments on the two Hogben books. Storer Lunt of Norton reports that when he was in England this summer he learned that the publication of *Science for the Citizen* caused reorders everywhere for the *Mathematics.* ☞Old Q. is proud to have been one of the earliest boosters in the Trade for both these fine books. Everything that has happened lately makes the *Science* all the more punctual to the public mood, at any rate among those capable of meditation. ☞The European Crisis, we thought sadly, was in some respects the Decline and Fall of the Wing Collar. It looked as though soft shirts outmaneuvered stiff ones. The Ides of Starch . . . but we are not hasty to conclude. ☞We got many a good grin at the expense of the Advertising racket in Helen Woodward's *It's an Art,* due Oct. 20. This book will make you think twice before buying Anything; even itself. ☞Miss Maria Leavitt, after 42 years of service in the New York Public Library, has retired much honored. We should love to know, what is the first book that Miss Leavitt will read, now, just for fun.

☞The biographical verses that have been circulating vaguely under the name of "clerihews" were started by E. C. Bentley. The Rampant Lions Press (Cambridge, England) has got out a sinister supplement of clerihews, of which this is an example:—

D. H. Lawrence
Used to live in Florence.
If it had been Compton Mackenzie
He would have called it Firenze.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED